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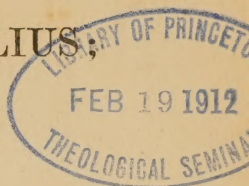


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GUIDO AND JULIUS;

OR,



SIN AND THE PROPITIATOR

EXHIBITED IN

THE TRUE CONSECRATION OF THE SCEPTIC.

BY

FREDERICK AUG. D. THOLUCK, D. D.

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY JONATHAN EDWARDS RYLAND,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

BY JOHN PYE SMITH, D. D.

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## PREFACE

### TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THIS little treatise was published in Germany more than thirty years ago, and its popularity is attested by the demand for five successive editions. The First Part was translated for the Biblical Repository by Mr. Nast, of Kenyon College, Ohio, and appeared in the eighth volume of that Quarterly. The Second Part has never been brought to the notice of American readers.

The present translation was published in England in 1836, and the long interval of years which has since passed, years fruitful of revolutions in the theological opinions and religious life of Germany, seems to call for a few remarks supplementary to the valuable preface of the lamented Dr. Pye Smith.

It may occasion surprise to some that the work is republished in this country at so late a day; but we apprehend its present appearance is more timely, and will attract a larger number of readers than if it had

been published many years ago. The commerce of thought has brought Germany into intimate relations with the United States. The theology and literature imported from that land of scholars have been naturalized on our shores; and the subtler and more fascinating forms of scepticism, for which Dr. Tholuck prepared this work as an antidote, have gained many disciples, and some advocates among us. The practical tendencies of the American mind, and the active piety incident to our social life, and the philanthropic movements of the age, almost preclude the fear of a general unbelief, like the blighting mildew which crept over the German universities and churches in the early part of the present century. But no student of American literature can overlook the fact that some of the best minds among us, gifted with the noblest impulses, and enriched by the most elegant scholarship, betray the withering influence of the Pantheistic creed.

It is too late for good men to deplore the introduction of German books into this country. Many Christian scholars among us (and the apologetic tone of Dr. Pye Smith's preface indicates a similar spirit in England) have been compelled to bear a grievous load of suspicion and jealousy from more timid brethren, because they have gone as reapers into the rich fields

of biblical criticism opened by the German mind. Their orthodoxy has been often questioned, and their honest opinions have been held up to public odium. The suspicion and jealousy may have been natural, but the time for them has passed. The old Rationalism of Germany has nearly finished its work, and is giving place to a Christian faith resting upon a broader scholarship, and deeper religious convictions. A great battle has been fought between believers in a supernatural revelation and skeptics of every name. The battle has been long and fiercely contested on the broad field of sacred learning and scientific criticism, and the victory remains with the friends of an evangelical Christianity.

When Dr. Tholuck was appointed to the chair of Theology in Halle, vacated by the death of Dr. Knapp, Rationalism had an absolute sway in the University, and the amiable Professor needed a military guard to defend himself and his dwelling from the attacks of fanatic students, embittered by the appointment of an evangelical teacher. Rationalism is now almost unknown in Halle, and a large proportion of the students of theology are truly converted men. Then an humble Christian, desponding as Elijah in the days of Ahab, thought it possible to record in a brief catalogue the name of every man in Germany who was known to



believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Now unbelievers are becoming rare in the highest circles of scholarship.

The February number of the North British Review gives a portraiture of the present religious condition of Germany, which is cheering to every Christian heart. We make the following extract from its pages :

“ The first pleasing symptom of the German Church is the very general and increasingly cordial recognition of the principle that faith is the first of Christian graces, and necessary to love and good works — nay, what is for Germany much harder to pronounce, necessary to salvation. The so-called formal and material principles of the Reformation, viz. the supremacy of the Scriptures and justification by faith, with all that naturally clusters around them, make up the body of doctrine which is now in the ascendant. It is so in by far the most influential chairs of the different Universities, probably the majority as to number ; and the same may be almost said of the pulpits, though here the point of number is more doubtful.

“ No University, except perhaps Giessen, remains unsubdued by the movement party. Tübingen is now wrested in a great measure from Baur and his negative coadjutors ; and Leipsig has ceased to bow to the

sceptre of mere critics and lexicographers. Meanwhile the men of the middle school, who have constantly approached, by paths of their own, the biblical or confessional orthodoxy of the more advanced, may be said at last to have reached it, and in the persons of Nitzsch and Hengstenberg in Berlin, these two sections may be declared so to have been coalesced, as while retaining their separate colors, to differ in nothing essential. The formation of the minds of the present and of the next generation is in the hands of men — from Heidelberg to Königsberg — who have not only broken with rationalism, pantheism, and spurious criticism, but actually conquered them; and of whom the most eminent (with rare exceptions) are as distinguished for attractiveness of personal piety as for learning and zeal. The party of unbelief, with the doubtful exception of the Tübingen school, are silent. Every thing but the theology of the Reformation is driven from the field, and the discredit into which speculative philosophy has fallen, which, indeed, is now numbered with the acts of the Frankfort Parliament, has greatly contributed to the victory of a pure, and unsophisticated Christianity. The great majority of younger theologians are found to hold fast to evangelical truth.”

The sanguine hopes of Dr. Tholuck, expressed in

this volume, are thus nearly realized. He says, "I see a time coming, in which gifted men will lift up their voice for the truth. Perhaps, after a few decennaries, there will be no one in some parts of Germany who will not wish to be called a Christian." It only remains that a transforming Christian faith should work downward into the lower strata of society. The scepticism of the universities and the pulpits has yielded its fruit in the corruption of the people, and the Revolution of 1848 revealed a fearful decline in morality and religion. The regeneration of the masses will proceed slowly, but the future is full of promise.

This work has already accomplished much good in Germany, and cannot fail of extensive usefulness in this country. Falling into the hands of desponding ones, struggling bravely with their doubts and fears, it will save them from a fatal plunge into the abyss of pantheism and unbelief.

## PREFACE

### TO THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

IF to introduce a book to the attention of our friends and the public, and even warmly to recommend it, could fairly be construed into a subscribing to all its sentiments, or a blind admiration and servility of deference to its author, or the arrogance of patronizing dignity, or an assuming to dictate to the readers of books as if from a chair of authority; I should have shrunk from the writing of this preface, as a piece of gross presumption and insufferable vanity. But the being exposed to any such imputations ought not to deter one who wishes well to the interests of his fellow-men, when he may hope that the declaration of his opinion may contribute to extend the circulation of any work which treats the most important subjects with singular ability, whose author is not ade-

quately known, or which lies under any other obstruction to its more general usefulness.

These circumstances exist in the present case, and in a high degree. The topics which the following work discusses are the sublimest points of intellectual science and Christian divinity; and they are treated in the way which such matters always demand without always obtaining, namely, with a constant reference to the presence of an all-perfect God, to the immutability of his law, the rectitude of his judgments, and the reign of his 'grace through righteousness, unto eternal life;' and with an unceasing care to maintain a lively sense of man's responsibility to God for his mental as well as his outward actions, of the indispensable necessity of prayer, and of the reality of an internal work of the Holy Spirit, in order to the production and maintenance of true piety.

The author is not unknown to the students of sacred literature in Britain; and in his two visits to our country within the last ten years, he bore a public part at the anniversary meetings of some of our great religious institutions, surprising us by the propriety and fluency with



which he spoke our language, edifying us by his judicious observations, and delighting us by the tenderness and the unaffected expression of his piety and charity. But, we can say little more than that he is not altogether unknown among us. The majority of even intelligent Christians in Britain know not his name; and some have been betrayed into confounding him with persons from whom he differs as essentially as light from darkness. With regard to his writings, translations, as yet unfinished, have been given of only two;\* the Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, and that of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount: those works, on account of being so replete with oriental, classical, and patristic learning, and going so largely as they do into the examination of contending opinions, are certainly not the best adapted to give a just idea of the author's Christian feeling and ardent love to evangelical truth. Besides, it is only a small number of educated persons among us, that have gone through such a course of discipline in philology and criticism as is requisite for the right understanding and application of

\* In the Edinburgh Biblical Cabinet, volumes v. and vi.

those disquisitions. Readers, even of the best intentions, who have not secured those previous advantages, are likely to regard such studies with distaste, and to entertain very defective views of their usefulness in 'making the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.' It is therefore, as a matter of justice to the author, greatly to be desired that Dr. Tholuck should be known in our country and language, by some of his practical works, by his poetry, and by his Sermons to Academic Youth, which are not only scripturally argumentative, but awakening, solemn, and tender in a very high degree.

While thus a claim arises from the nature of the subject and the eminence of the author, no small addition to the motives for translation accrue from the native language of the book. The neglect of the German language in our country, even during the four generations of men that have lived since the Brunswick dynasty ascended the throne, is not easy to be accounted for. Such neglect does not appear to have existed, to a proportionate extent, in the age of the Reformation. The eminent

divines of that period, when both the German and its sister tongue, the English, were emerging from their rude state, and were beginning to add beauty to their native energy, seem to have been disposed to promote philological intercourse. In the following century, the calamitous results of the Palatine alliance, the decline of piety in the hands of a death-stiffened orthodoxy, the alienation of most of the German states from England during the reigns of the Stuarts, and the supposition, extensively true at that time, yet not altogether so, that every publication in Germany that possessed important interest was given to the world in Latin, as the universal medium of communication among scholars, had the effect of diminishing, or rather extinguishing, any desire which otherwise might have arisen, for digging into the deep but rich mine of the German writings. The language was generally thought to be a harsh and barbarous dialect; it was often the object of ignorant witticism; and even scholars of the highest order seemed to make a parade of their being unacquainted with it. In the latter twenty years of the eighteenth century, the most that

was known of German literature, by the English public, was limited to a few productions of criticism, often rash, and towards sacred things irreverent; sermons which might be compared to a Russian ice-palace; and a deluge of licentious novels and plays. We had a general notion of the decline of religion and religious knowledge, in all the Protestant countries of the continent; but of particulars we knew extremely little, nor had we any clear idea of the causes and processes which were converting the profession of the Lutheran and of the Reformed religion into an open burlesque. The root of infidelity, imported from England in the first half of the eighteenth century, had borne gall and wormwood; but the malignancy of its poison lay long under a disguise, of which we scarcely know whether to wonder at the artifice, or to detest the hypocrisy. Translations were made of our Deistical writers of that time, and of a large number of the vindications of Christianity, which were published by some English divines of note, in reply to Collins, Tindal, Morgan, and their tribe; and which, in addition to their insipid and unimpassioned character,

involved so much of timid apology and unchristian concession, that they rather aided than obstructed the progress of infidelity.\*

\* A remarkable passage to this effect, is that of the illustrious scholar, John Augustus Ernesti, in his Review of *Dr. John Taylor's Paraphrase and Notes on the Epistle to the Romans*. "We must make one observation more, on a passage in the Preface to this work, which is very necessary to be known, and should never drop out of sight, in the reading of English books in defence of revelation against the Deists; in order to the forming of a correct judgment, how far the cause of revealed religion is indebted to these writers. Chancellor Pfaff laments, as we have already mentioned, the translation of those deistical books into German; and he has reason enough to do so. But he comforts himself with the fact, that the apologetic writings, in reply to them, are translated also. This, however, is not a very satisfactory ground of consolation. We have before observed, that in these books, not much is said that Deists need be afraid of upon the main point; and we shall now give an example from the celebrated writer before us. Taylor, in his Preface, treats upon the kingdom of God under the gospel. After a sketch of his subject, he proposes to show that the gospel is widely different from natural religion, and far superior to it. But, when he comes to a closer explanation of wherein that difference and that superiority consist, nothing comes forth but this same natural religion brought into a superior light, and with more clear disclosures of *advantages, motives, and hopes*, than the wisest philosophers had known: the amount of which is, that



Dr. Erskine's "Sketches and Hints of Church History and Theological Controversy," published in 1790 and 1797, disclosed facts, tendencies, and moral causes, of the highest importance in judging of the state of the conflict as it then existed. In every Protestant state of the continent, nor can we exclude the Popish, the profession of Christianity was reduced to its lowest terms, by a numerous party, consisting in a great measure of the clergy, under the eager encouragement of courtiers, statesmen, and men of letters, who had openly surrendered themselves to some one of those varied forms of profligacy, in opinion and action, which usurped the name of philosophy. The professed principle was that the Christian religion must

Natural Religion was not invented by human reflection, but has come by immediate revelation from God; confirmed by miracles and prophecy, instead of mere ratiocination; sustained by new motives; and made easier in its practice by certain instituted observances. This is the ordinary system of those bepraised English writers: in fact they are Socinians. The Deists do not understand their own interests, if they set themselves much to disparage those works; yea, if they be not very well contented with them. In the great essential, the two parties are agreed."

—*Neue Theologische Bibliothek*, vol. i. p. 115.

be construed liberally, and must be accommodated to the growing intelligence of our times ; of which the real meaning was, that every fact alleged, and doctrine taught, and precept enjoined by Christ, his prophets, and his apostles, must be brought to the bar of a versatile goddess, assuming to herself the name of Reason ; and must undergo a new trial, before it should be admitted to favor with the polished classes. A few years more brought the consummation. Miracles, prophecy, and all positive revelation were first covertly, then openly, denied : and to the Bible, whether in whole or in part, every claim of authority was refused, and it was declared to be nothing more than a collection of mythological fables, family-tales, national songs, hero-stories, wise saws, political schemes ; and at last, a sublime morality, a universal religion, pure Theism, which the comprehensive mind of Jesus framed into an adaptation to all countries and all times. This set of notions, with a contempt of sober reason and honest evidence, and with much glib flattery to the teachers and the taught, has been dignified by reviving the name of Rationalism : but as to concede this term is a

begging of the question, it is equitable to employ a word which merely declares a fact, and which the parties themselves have adopted, Antisupranaturalism. To this point of credulous unbelief have multitudes been brought by the art and industry of Eichhorn, Eck, Eckermann, Paulus, Schiller, Hartmann, Göthe, Wegscheider, Röhr, and the younger race; among which we find with sorrow, De Wette and Gesenius, as well as Hase, Vatke, and Strauss of Tübingen.

Obscure notions concerning these men and their works have found their way into the minds of some of our countrymen, augmenting their distrust of German literature, making them to feel even happy in their ignorance, and betraying them into a vague, indiscriminating, and unjust supposition, that all modern German theology is of the infidel and dangerous character.

To such worthy and well-meaning persons, it will be a relief to be assured that, in the darkest period, which may be reckoned the forty years preceding 1817, the truth which is according to godliness, and the godliness which is according

to that truth, had never been left wholly without witness; though the few found faithful were for the most part obscure in station, or distinguished principally by the obloquy and insult cast upon them. But, from about the date which we have just mentioned, an increasing number of professors and pastors, preachers and writers, has risen up, throughout Protestant Germany, who have been equal to their anti-christian opponents in point of talents and learning; and in general a pleasing contrast to them as to temper and character. The obstruction now most to be dreaded is that which arises from the civil government; whether by persecuting measures, as in some of the minor states, or as in the Prussian monarchy, by a system far more dangerous in its consequences, that of favor and preference. The power and purity of religion flourish most, we have reason to believe, in Würtemberg and Bavaria, where, in the one instance, a Protestant king, and, in the other a Popish, holds the balance even, and leaves religion to find its own way by peaceful discussion and free profession.

Among those, who, in Prussia and Saxony,

have, during the last twenty years, "contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," we can enumerate Hermes, Strauss, Theremin, Couard, Neander, Harms, Hahn, Dippelkirche, Böhme, Pelt, Sartorius, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, Guerike. Not a few other names might be added to this list, which is written merely from the recollection of the moment. Among them all, a place of distinguished respect belongs to the author of the book now in the reader's hands.

Frederick Augustus Deofidus [*Gottreu* or *Gottgetraut*] Tholuck, was born at Breslaw, the capital of Silesia, March 30, 1799. He laid the foundation of his literary eminence in the Gymnasium, and at the university of that city. To the Semitic languages, and especially to Arabic and Turkish literature, he showed peculiar inclination and aptitude. He was warmly patronized and encouraged by some of the most distinguished orientalists in Berlin, and enabled to gratify his predilection, by the enjoyment of the best instruction. During the earlier part of this period, he was drawn into the awful whirlpool of infidelity; and he so openly avowed it



as to maintain in a public thesis the superiority of Mohammedanism to Christianity. But, towards the close of his course in Berlin, an alteration took place in his views, feelings, and character, with respect to religion. Professor Neander and a private friend were instruments of divine mercy in the production of this great and happy change. There is good reason to regard the volume before us as the record of his own experience, and the picture of his conferences with his friends, during this interesting season, the great turning point of his immortal existence. The change of heart, the infusion of a new and heavenly life, the breathing forth of piety and benevolence, the humility and tenderness of character, which were now developed, were not unlikely to work in him a disposition to dedicate himself to the evangelical ministry: but he did not determine upon altering his plan of studies till, upon the dismissal of the too celebrated De Wette, by the royal authority, from the professorship of doctrinal theology,\* Tholuck, though only in his twenty-

\* William Martin Lebrecht de Wette, D. D., a man of fine talents and attainments, but deeply tinctured with neological

first year, received command from the Ministry of Religious Instruction, to supply the chasm thus created in the university courses, by delivering Lectures in the Exegesis of the

views, was appointed in 1810 Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, then newly founded. He distinguished himself by various writings, marked with learning and eloquence, and of which good use may be made by those who will examine and judge for themselves ; yet, however disguised and decorated, his divinity differs not essentially from a sentimental deism. In 1819, Sand, a student of Jena, urged by political phrenzy and probably mental derangement, assassinated the poet Kotzebue as a traitor to Germany ; and suffered the awful penalty of his crime. De Wette, who was acquainted with the parents of the unhappy young man, wrote a letter of consolation to his mother, which is said, if not to have justified the offence of murder, when committed as by Brutus upon Cæsar, yet to have used terms of extenuation with respect to the murderer, which the king (for in Prussia and most of the other German states, private correspondence is not sacred) considered to involve principles rendering the person holding them unfit to be intrusted with the education of youth. Professor de Wette, therefore, received a royal monition to leave the country. After living some time in Weimar and Brunswick, and attracting admiration by his pen and his preaching, he obtained the divinity professorship in the Swiss University of Basle, which he still holds. His character is amiable and beneficent, and his sermons have a certain show of spirituality and unction which fascinates those who look not below the surface.

Old Testament. This unexpected circumstance concurred with and strengthened his latent inclinations, and determined the devoting of his whole life to the work of the pulpit, and of instructing in the highest and holiest of sciences those who were under a professional destination to be the teachers of others. It is unspeakably to be lamented that the condition of society in Prussia and all the other German states, is such as to throw the most formidable, not to say fatal, obstacles in the way of any effective plan for securing moral and religious qualifications in those who are to teach the way of salvation to their fellow-men. The practice, long established and widely spread in the Protestant countries of the continent, of destinations from the cradle; and of its being regarded as almost a thing of course, that clergymen's sons must themselves be made clergymen; cannot but bring forwards a train of constantly operating causes, which will surely and powerfully tend to facilitate the entrance into the ministry of young men, often distinguished by abilities and learning, but possessing none of the qualities which the New Testament requires in pastors

and teachers, the design of whose office is to preach Christ the Saviour, and to exhibit a character modelled after his. But to this cause of evil is to be added the ubiquitous meddling of government with all private and public life; the difficulty, amounting to almost an impossibility, of holding any meeting for a religious purpose, except with the permission of government; a permission not very readily granted, and to ask for which would not always be safe; the utter prostration of religious liberty; the acts of the civil power for admission to the requisite studies, for ordination, for induction, and for permanence in a parish, or any situation; the summary ejection of any clergyman without reason assigned, or trial, or remedy; these, and other causes allied to them, cannot but secure a supply of unbelieving and ungodly young men who will lay waste the church of God. That such a man as Tholuck should have only the alternative of supporting this system, or of suffering expatriation, is a melancholy reflection. The governors of those nations little think what they are doing. They may for a time stop up the vents of the volcano; but they are only com-

pressing its forces, that the inevitable burst may be at last the more terrible.\* In the meantime,

\* “ In Germany, the spirit of association scarcely exists, and, excepting in a few states where it has created Bible and Missionary Societies, *it cannot exist*, at least as things now are. In some states, the mines of Siberia would be thought too good for this intruder. The very worst *Society* is a bugbear ; and, in the opinion of many, the phrase *Spirit of Association* signifies the same thing as *Demagogy*. Hence, you may easily comprehend how difficult, how often impossible, it is for the most peaceful Christians to combine their efforts for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ ; especially in some of the minor states, in which despotism and arbitrary power reign in their perfection, and in which a deplorable Rationalism has been so long in vogue as to have thrown the entire population into so profound a state of ignorance with regard to religion, that they cannot even conceive the idea of an association whose object is purely religious. In many states, a religious society cannot have a public existence : such a thing is not known, it would not be tolerated. Some time ago, in one of the large cities of Germany, I was admitted to the meeting of a committee of a religious association, similar, in its end and its means, to your French Evangelical Society. The subjects of consideration were, how to infuse some vigor and decision into the Society’s movements, and to replenish its exhausted funds. To every proposal brought forward by any one member, another replied by a negative sign denoting *impossibility*. When the reason *why* was asked, the word *government* was laid upon the table, in humble resignation ; and every man was silent. But might

the proceedings of the King of Prussia attract intense observation. To support evangelical truth, to unite the two Protestant communions,

we not ask our friends, and collect some contributions? No; the government permits no collections; and besides, it would make our association known, and government does not allow associations. But, said another, might we not try the distribution of religious tracts, and by that means attempt to dissipate in some degree the extreme ignorance of the people around us? No; government allows it not. You know what took place the other day at H., where that poor Würtemberg seed-seller, was laid hold of by the armed police, for having given on his way tracts to some children. But yet, let us see, said a third, there are in our city many thousand Israelites; and, as we all pity their deplorable condition as to spiritual things, might we not have a missionary among them, to distribute the word of God, and explain it to them? No; the attempt was made a few years ago; but the authorities did not allow a missionary to live in this city. Then I see only one way besides, said a fourth, for attempting some good; our country people read hardly any thing except the almanac, from one year's end to the other; but our common almanacs are a mass of juggling impostures and silly stories; now might we not imitate some zealous Christians at Paris, and in the Canton of Vaud, and publish a Christian almanac for the people: it would sell by thousands. No; in most of our small states, the government inflicts a fine of six rix dollars upon the seller of any almanac not authorized by itself. The committee broke up, and every man went to his own house." — *Sémeur*, Paris, May 14, 1836.



and to recommend his new liturgy, he is employing both smiles and frowns; the expectancies of favor on the one hand, and, on the other, ejectments, banishments, imprisonments, and military force. The genuine friends of the gospel are confounded with those who are so only in appearance, and the evangelism of all is ascribed to the sunshine of court favor; while men of neological or infidel views, and profane men generally, are revolted, disgusted, and hardened in their guilt.

In this elevated situation our young theologian had a very difficult task to perform. Cordial friends were but few, and they must have watched him with apprehension and anxiety: enemies to the truth, and to him as its defender, were numerous, able, long accustomed to monopolize the public ear, and engrossing almost every chair in every university. It was necessary that he should manifest, at least, no inferiority to the splendid endowments of his predecessor, and of rivals showing themselves on all sides; and he knew that his lectures, and every one of his public and private actions,

would be scanned by evil-disposed, keen-sighted, and deep-plotting minds. But he was enabled to conduct himself with wisdom and meekness; while his convictions were ripening into the strongest sense of the falsehood and danger which belong to the antisupernaturalist schemes, and of the truth, moral beauty, and holy efficacy, which characterize the doctrines of the Reformation and of the apostles. In 1821 was published what we suppose to have been his first printed work, a pretty large Latin volume entitled *SUFISM, or the Pantheistic Theosophy of the Persians; illustrated by the aid of Persic, Arabic, and Turkish Manuscripts*; the high merit of which was acknowledged by the author's opponents. It was during this momentous period of his life, that he composed the work which this volume gives to the public in an English dress. It was first published at Hamburg, in 1823, and it has gone through five editions. Its exact title would be scarcely intelligible to an English reader, nor indeed to a native German, unless he were acquainted with the little piece of literary history, which

we must mention. In 1822, Dr. De Wette published a work, in two volumes, with the title, "THEODORE, or the Consecration\* of the Doubter [or Sceptic];" a work which professes to give a picturesque history of the studies of a Lutheran clergyman. The tendency of this book may not unreasonably be conjectured, when it is considered that the very clever and eloquent author deduces all religion from an innate propensity in the human mind, cherished and refined by reason and experience; that he excludes every thing supernatural from the mission of Moses and the prophets, of Jesus and the apostles; and that, borrowing his own words, "the divine excellency of the Christian religion is especially conspicuous in this, that it directs men to seek their salvation within their own breasts, without any foreign aid whatsoever," and that "the soul, oppressed by a sense of its sins, ought to seek rest and peace only from its own powers." †

\* *Weihe*, consecration, initiation, applied also to the ordination of a clergyman; and this is the sense in which De Wette intended it.

† De Wette de Morte Expiatoria Jesu Christi, p. 94.

Dr. Tholuck's title was therefore, "The Doctrine of Sin and of the Propitiator, or the True Consecration of the Doubter." Thus was conveyed the requisite antithesis to De Wette's watchword. The design of the one book was to instruct a sceptical student how to silence his reason and appease his conscience, even on the supposition of his being *ordained* to the pastoral office; and, with an hypocrisy for which we have no epithet of adequate abhorrence, to go through the Ordination Service of the Lutheran Church, which is full of the strongest and most tender expressions of evangelical piety; concealing under all a conscious rejection of positive revelation, a refined, philosophical, mystical Deism: such was De Wette's way of consecrating the Doubter. Tholuck's, on the contrary, was to take the hand of the young inquirer, harassed to very anguish with doubts and difficulties concerning the foundations of all faith, all religion, all participation in the supreme good, all hope in a world to come; and to lead him in the path of a profound investigation on the part of the understanding, a constant searching into the moral state of the

mind, and habitual prayer to the most Holy One;—the path of truth and peace.

Upon the death of the venerable George Christian Knapp, Senior of the Theological Faculty in the University of Halle, Tholuck was appointed by his sovereign to succeed that eminently learned and pious man in the divinity professorship. This took place in 1826; and, notwithstanding relentless, and even virulent opposition from the party of Wegscheider, Gesenius, and the younger Fritsche, he maintains his standing with growing honor and usefulness.

Our author is a poet and an eloquent preacher. His poetical talents were nourished by an early imbuing of the Greek classics and the Arabian poets. Into metaphysics, also, the ancient, the scholastic, and the modern, and those of both the oriental and the European schools, he has plunged deeply. From these causes, it is not a subject of surprise that his sentiments have frequently characteristics which to many will appear extraordinary, and even questionable or startling. Such passages as those will, however, upon a repeated and more comprehensive

examination, in general, cease to command any other feeling than that of admiration and approval. When we are constrained to differ from him, we cannot but love him. The warmth of his piety, the largeness of his charity, his faithfulness to God and conscience, the originality of his thoughts, the depth of his investigations, the copiousness of his inductions, the combined power and tenderness of his applications, are such as search our very hearts, stir up and sharpen our faculties, and lead us, if we are willing to be led, into the most profitable self-knowledge. He frequently makes allusions to objects very much out of the range of ordinary literature, and draws from them illustrations of singular felicity: but, to reap its benefits, and enjoy its beauties, the book must be read with close attention and frequent retrospection.

Dr. Tholuck is, by conviction, as well as by education and profession, a Lutheran. His sentiments on the decrees of God and the freedom of human agency, appear to be, upon the whole, in unison with those of the moderate and evangelical Arminians. Extensive as is his acquaintance with theological literature, I can-



not but apprehend that he has not read the great work of President Edwards, which *answers so completely* to its title, "A careful and strict Inquiry into the modern prevailing Notions of that Freedom of Will which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame." I think it next to impossible that Tholuck should apply, with due attention, his penetrating mind to that immortal volume, and not undergo a considerable modification of his views on predestination. Indeed I almost venture to say, that a process of modification has been, during some years, in progress, perhaps not fully observed by himself. If it be not an evidence of such a gradual alteration of sentiment, it is at least a proof of his candor and openness, that in his expository writings, published since the Guido and Julius, he takes an evident and high delight in referring to Calvin's views upon particular passages, often quoting him at length, and paying an admiring testimony to the fine judgment, and the correct principles of interpretation, which distinguish that great man; and to the sagacity and masterly tact with

which he applies them. In this respect, it is a remarkable fact, and no mean demonstration of superiority to old prejudices and sectarian narrowness, that Dr. Tholuck has republished, in an economical form, for the especial use of theological students and young ministers, Calvin's Commentaries on the New Testament, and his Institutes of the Christian Religion.

It may also be remarked that, in the author's earnestness to guard against Antinomian abuses of the doctrine of grace, and to show the inseparable relation of justification and sanctification, he uses expressions which seem to identify those two equally necessary but distinct blessings of redemption. But I envy not the man, who, in reading such a book, could coldly turn from its high and holy tendency, to discuss the specks of human infirmity.

It could not, with any color of reason, be expected that either the translator, or the person who writes this preface, should pledge himself to an approbation of all the author's sentiments. Hard would be the condition of a man who takes the liberty of recommending a book, which he thinks would be useful to thoughtful

readers, whether in religion or in any department of secular knowledge, if he were bound by such a law as this.—‘Every word of God is pure;’ but with respect to the works and words of men,—‘I have seen an end of all perfection.’

It had long been my wish that some competent person might transfer these Letters on Sin and the Propitiator into an English form; but I entertained little hope of seeing the object attained. It would not indeed be the work of an ordinary translator, though as a linguist well accomplished. A person well acquainted with the peculiarities of the German language, and with its popular literature, and who had a command of English expression in both propriety and elegance; a person who might succeed very well in rendering a book of travels, history, or fiction, would find himself at a loss here, unless he possessed also a considerable knowledge of theories upon the philosophy of the human mind, and were inured to theological investigations. At the best, I fear it is rather to be desired than expected, that any translation of this work should be faithful and precise to the

matter of the author, and yet preserve the characteristics of his manner, at once metaphysical and poetical. But I rest, with much satisfaction, upon the qualifications of my esteemed friend, Mr. Edwards Ryland. Having good evidence of his ability and suitableness for the difficult task, it was to me a great pleasure to hear that he had undertaken it. It has been utterly out of my power to collate the translation with the original, except in a few passages; but I feel myself encouraged to expect an important accession to the books of our country which unite acuteness of investigation with simple and ardent piety. May the Spirit of holiness and truth grant to it its abundant blessing!

J. PYE SMITH.

# GUIDO AND JULIUS.

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## PART I.

### ON SIN.

#### CHAPTER I.

GUIDO and Julius, early in life, became friends from a congeniality of disposition. While other boys of their acquaintance were satisfied with finishing their appointed tasks, and then gave themselves up to childish amusements, these two were simultaneously drawn by an irresistible impulse into the higher sphere of intellectual life. The noxious mists of earth were floating on the more delicate eye of their perception, and allowed no view of the distant and the lofty, when the pure air of philosophy invited them to its unclouded hills. That mystic music of sentiment, which, issuing from the interior of each susceptible spirit attracts it homewards, resounded in the secret recesses of their bosoms;

and they followed the magic tones which called them to the depths of religion. The fine arts also, whose brilliancy casts a transient lustre over sober life, were not seldom the object which they pursued even to exhaustion. One thing only they could not endure, the common, the vulgar, the mean. Their noble minds were full of vital sparks, inviting, as it were, the electrical wand which would relieve them from their charge; but it came not. Within the precincts of their school was no Emmaus; no spring flowers flourished there, nor groves of Academus. The new philosophy which they studied had established itself on the mouldering ruins of the ancient Stoa, and the deserted walks of the gardens of Epicurus. The director of the Gymnasium, an aged man, revered the pineal gland as the seat of the spirit; and had often indulged the speculation, whether the Creator, instead of a heart, should not have furnished man at his creation with a third hand or a third foot. It was his office to teach religion. Most assiduously he dragged a skeleton, his own workmanship, day after day, into his lecture-room, and shook the man of bones so often as to fill his pupils with dismay. Nor were the other masters of a better kind;—philologers, who in all their vocabularies had not one word of life-giving power. The preachers of the town were part



orthodox, part neological, but all lukewarm and devoid of energy. What they had of religion was nothing better than cold lava, picked up at foreign volcanoes. No wonder that the flame in the souls of these youths shone more faintly, as it vainly turned to the right and left, eager for fuel, but finding none. Early and often was that great question asked by their young hearts — (that question which so frequently in his more quiet hours forces itself on the man of the world, and which he is constantly repelling, till on his dying bed it resounds in his breast, as the goddess of vengeance, for his misspent days,) — *For what purpose have I been born?* This was the question which, at so early an age, it seemed to these noble-minded youths a crime to dismiss unanswered, and which led them to a course of more serious reading and meditation. But as no one was at hand to satisfy their newly-felt religious wants, the answers given by these two friends to the great question, varied according to their acquaintance, and the authors they consulted. At one time, the true, the noblest enjoyment of life, as they termed it, consisted in the intense study of the arts and sciences, while they plucked each flower, in social or in public life, as it offered itself: then again, when a wide impartial survey had made it manifest that enjoyment cannot be the one

aim of life, (since the man in a lower station, from whom more refined pleasures are withheld, would with equal and indisputable right claim a license for the rude indulgence of his sensual desires,) it seemed more agreeable to truth, that the great object for which every individual ought to live is the welfare of his fellow-men; yet, when they considered that the means and ability for effecting this must depend on the state of their own hearts, purity of intention appeared the great object of life. Yet, what is this purity? was then the question. Purity, self-renunciation, self-denial — do they form a line, which the longer it is forced out by an interior impelling power, stretches into infinity? And if my life, my very self, by the total renunciation, not only of what I have, but of what I am, becomes continually more refined and attenuated, then the limit of my purity will be the limit of my being; and, if I may hazard so bold an expression, this lauded purity will prove a corrosive substance, which, after consuming the diseased part, will attack the living fibre, and treat as its only enemies, vigor and life. There were not a few who pointed out to the youths the heights of knowledge as the great aim of life; a light-hearted observation of the world — a well arranged comprehensive view of the works and ways of men: but they rejected, without hesita-

tion, the advice of those who would so unequally divide the stream of the human brotherhood, allowing one favored rill to wind its course through a lofty region, while the main body of its waters was slowly rolling its waves to desert shores, concealed by the mists of time. One thing at least was evident, that whatever the end of life might be, it must be the same for all men.

Thus these youths were matured for the university, enriched with solid acquirements, endowed with a sound, correct judgment; but having withal a sense of unhappiness and want, since they were neither able nor inclined to conceal from themselves that the longing for repose (that relic of the divine image in man) was still unsatisfied. With melancholy and deep sorrow they surveyed the past years of their life, and beheld the path strewn with crushed hopes and wishes, with errors and faults: they looked with secret agitation on the floods of tumultuous desires within their breasts, the cataracts of unbounded emotions; — their inward life without a goal, their resolutions but so many fleeting clouds, and their principles a mass of stationary cloud, under which the former were hurrying along. And yet! can there be a life without a centre? — as little as a world without a God.

The time for their separation was now come. Guido was about to study theology at the university of X—; Julius to study philology and history at Z—. Affecting was the day of their farewell. It was a bright spring morning: the sun had already risen and shone unclouded in the blue expanse. The meadow in which they had their last interview, was the very spot on which, when only nine years old, they had prayed on their knees to God that he would make them truly pious. “Now,” said Julius, “who knows whether we shall not in this same meadow celebrate the answer to the prayer of our childhood?” “Who knows?” rejoined Guido, weeping; “with sorrowing eyes I look forward to the future. Ah, Julius! already the lower region of our life’s Etna (childhood and youth) has been fruitful of sorrows; can we expect happier productions in the cold region of manhood and grey hairs? Scarcely will our much-agitated hearts have become tranquillized, when old age will precipitate us into the crater!” “I,” answered Julius, “I cannot doubt that what we are seeking we shall find, though for the present I see no outlet. Like you, I exclaim, Wanderer! whence? Wanderer! whither? I know not. But I behold the sky full of stars, and the human heart full of secret longings and anticipations. Then let us, here, in

the presence of the Omniscient, make a covenant, that we will wrestle and strive till we have attained that peace for which our souls thirst ; that we will faithfully and without wavering, follow the inward voice that continually, in whispers or in louder accents, is calling us to the pursuit." With these words they embraced each other and departed.

Guido commenced his theological studies with great ardor. He attended partly neological, partly orthodox professors. In these lectures he first became acquainted with all the sceptical objections which modern times have raised against Christianity. He had formerly expended his energies on the different sciences, and from all had hoped to satisfy the longings of his heart ; he now confined his attention for the most part, to theology. Here he saw an immeasurable field open before him, and he wished, above all things, to obtain certainty respecting the truths of Christianity. None of his instructors satisfied him. Some spoke so coldly and profanely of the characters recorded in the New Testament that he, though not a believer in its divine origin, perceived something greater and more noble in them than these men could discern. It was especially revolting to him, to see that which alone can raise man above terrestrial things, brought down to the

level of earth. He was of opinion, that even if Christianity were not true, it might still be permitted to wear a mysterious aspect of sanctity, which would have a beneficial influence on the minds of men. There were other teachers whose method was, to uphold the doctrines of Christianity by a series of historical proofs, each of which by itself, they confessed, had little weight, but all taken together, they maintained, had sufficient force of argument. Still those doubts which really disturbed his mind were left unsatisfied; while other points which gave him no trouble were explained with a tiresome minuteness. There was another professor who grounded his whole system on the standards of the church, and sought to bear down every apparent contradiction and difficulty which presented itself to inquiring youths, by demanding an unconditional submission of belief, and inviolable adherence to the letter. Theology had now lost all its attractions for Guido. She seemed to him a rude barbarian, who herself accustomed to a scanty diet, invited guests from the classic soil of beautiful Hellas, for whom she was unable to provide suitable entertainment; whilst she wielded her club in defiance against any who refused her the meed of hospitality. She appeared still further to betray her base origin and want of native dig-



nity, when, with engaging airs and obsequious civility, she begged Philosophy to allow her to retain a few strips of land from that territory of which she had already been compelled to restore the finest parts to their rightful lord. Miserable dribblets from a reservoir were not enough for Guido; he longed to drink from the fountain: he turned accordingly to Philosophy, which he considered the queen of human knowledge. Yet how strongly was his mind drawn to opposite poles, when he entered its circle! One thing the inquiring youth perceived, that he had now entered a region of which it might be said, that to proceed only half the way is not to enter on it at all. He found that whoever grasps a link in the chain of logical speculation must follow wherever it may lead him, be it into open day or midnight darkness. He passed by with contempt the systems which vacillated between a credulous ignorance and the full (let it be even destructive) truth, like wandering stars unconnected with any planetary system. He sought such spirits only for guides, who, in order to win, had the courage to risk every thing. With this view, he suffered Parmenides, Spinoza, Schelling, Schleiermacher, to pass before him as instructors, all uttering the same mighty words to his listening mind, but in different tones.

When Guido had ended his determined and unintermitted course through these intellectual regions, he paused, feeling himself in a strange land of darkness; and soon with horror realized what he had often imagined in dreams, that his spirit was actually given up to an endless descent. He perceived but too clearly that the end of all speculation was the denial of all positive existence. He had proposed to himself this question, What am I? and had received answers on the destination of his being, in countless variety. He had gone further, and asked, Who am I? and with this question lost himself! He had inquired after the origin of the universe, and the appearance of its finiteness had referred him back to God. He had inquired after God, and the infinitude of his essence referred him back to the universe. Thus all positive being seemed a shadow cast by a nonentity, an echo without an originating voice! Guido felt the endless descent. But there was yet another pole in the life of his spirit besides that of mere logical deduction. There were moments in his life of deeper recollection, of awful, indescribable stillness, when he heard (if it may be so expressed) the breathing of his spirit, and could perceive the mysterious dialogue of another spirit with his own. In such converse he tasted something of a

higher, better life, such as no vague generalities, no flights of speculation could afford. And when, by the magic-lantern of pantheism, all the colors of good and evil were mingled, and both one and the other softened down into a dull grey, the noble-minded youth, as if awakening out of a deep sleep, would often exclaim, Then is it so? — that one word alone, first and last, with horrible sameness, must be the eternal symbol of my life, and that word be — DELUSION!

And where now is truth? Is that theory the truth? he asked himself. Then why does it destroy — annihilate me? Can man seek and love a truth which annihilates him? Shall not food come out of the eater? If that be the truth, how comes it to pass, that as often as it has been discovered, since the Indian Vedas, it has again and again vanished? Why is it that a few only have found it, and that a still smaller number have retained it? Is it not because man is not satisfied with the shadow, but must have the substance that casts the shadow? because he shudders to see the universe, and himself with it, reduced to a mere shadow? Again, what is it that drives my spirit onwards, irresistibly, to make deductions, till, by its syllogisms, it has annihilated God, the world, and itself? What is that irresistible power

which is constantly leading man back to the old truths, when timid thinkers would fain discard the results of speculation, lest the frail building they have constructed should fall and crush the paltry furniture within? Which boldness is greater, that by which the understanding denies God, the universe, and itself, or that by which the heart believes in them? And is the greatest boldness the best? These were the questions by which, as raging billows, his head and his heart, like two vessels of the same owner, were propelled against each other, and threatened mutual destruction. He continued to pursue his studies indefatigably; but instead of the great conflict coming nearer to a decision, he only saw, with each month, the opposing forces summoning new strength, and thus augmenting the fury of the combat. His friend Julius had not often written to him. The chief points of information in his few letters were, that he had begun to read the Bible diligently; that he found it difficult to convince himself of its doctrines; but that the study of history had proved to him the need of an expressly revealed religion, as well as the excellency of the Christian morals, as exemplified in men who had sought uniformly to regulate their lives by the Scriptures. But suddenly, a year before he left the university, after a long silence, Guido re-

ceived a letter from his friend, stating that he had undergone a great change, which he termed *Regeneration*. The whole language and style of the letter were new. Several things appeared obscure to Guido ; but as Julius had expressed himself with great interest and firm conviction, on several doctrines of the Christian faith, he communicated frankly and in detail his own doubts and scruples ; not concealing, at the same time, his apprehensions that Julius, in a flight of enthusiasm, had united himself to a fancied goddess, but in reality to a cloud ; a union which would probably end, like Ixion's, in a progeny of chimeras. The next letter brought the unexpected news that Julius had now devoted himself to theology ; but he assured Guido that he might dismiss his fears about chimeras, for his heart had now learnt, by experience the most indubitable, what truth was. That strong desire for clear views which he had always been wont to feel still continued, and prompted him to the study of theology. He wished now to know the results of his experience in their various relations and connections, and recommended his friend Guido to allow the inquiry respecting evil to take precedence of his other studies ; seriously assuring him, that from this investigation a new light would speedily break forth. Guido was much affected ; on the

one hand, by the ardently joyful spirit combined with a firmly settled purpose of soul, of which every sentence in his friend's letter gave evidence; on the other hand, by the hints which Julius had given of several Christian doctrines which he had hitherto viewed in a totally different light. He himself had fallen of late into a comfortless scepticism; he had given up all hopes of finding the truth, and in this state had written to his friend, under great discomfort. The answer he received was as follows:—

MY DEAR GUIDO,

Indescribable melancholy seized me on receiving your last letter. You are on the borders of despair — whether there is such a thing as truth, and if there be, whether it is attainable by man. My friend, the universe may be reduced to dust, but the dust itself cannot cease to be. Systematic exhibitions of truth may be annihilated and blown away, like dust before your sight, but not the truth itself. He whose soul has an affinity with truth, recognizes her in spite of all scars and disfigurements, by her royal mien. Guido, believe me, *there is* a truth, a sacred truth, which is not to be speculated upon, but to be enjoyed; and this is affirmed to you by one who has actually enjoyed it. For while we must know the human in order to love it, we



must love the divine, in order to know it. Whilst man fondly imagines that he can attain by the tree of knowledge to the tree of life, and in the enjoyment of the former loses the latter, the wisdom of God leads us through experience to knowledge, and says, ‘I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.’ — Prov. viii. 17. I will attempt, according to my feeble ability, to point out to you the steps of the heavenly ladder, but to cause you to ascend is beyond my power. Aspirations after the pure regions above, and the unhappiness around and within you may effect this. I may serve as a way-post to the traveller, but cannot impel you to your journey’s end: this can be done only by that mysterious, almighty Hand which, stretched forth from heaven, seizes on the wandering sinner, and draws him to that blessed heart which beats warm with compassion for him beyond this world.

What I lay down as the *δός μοι ποῦ στῶ*, as the hinge of all human knowledge, is the Delphic inscription. Only the descent into the abyss of self-knowledge can render possible the heavenly ascent of divine knowledge; and no pretended wisdom is more to be rejected than that which puts out our eyes, so that we cannot look into the interior of our own being. When I say to you, “Learn to know thyself,” I mean nothing

else than to ask, What *lovest* thou? Lovest thou the earth? then earth art thou. Lovest thou thyself? then nought but self art thou. Lovest thou the divine? then art thou divine. But I will speak more in detail, and be your guide to the depths of self-knowledge.

*Whence is evil?* See here the greatest question which the reflective mind of man has ever put. It is the question which not only that select number, from Zoroaster to Augustine, and from Augustine to our own times, who have furnished mental food for ages and generations, have proposed: it has sprung up in the breast of every man who has wished to have at least one mind enlightened, and one heart made happy—I mean his own. This is the question which has clearly manifested the greatness and the misery of man: his greatness—since we cannot sufficiently marvel at the boldness of a being who walks amidst death and corruption as his inherited dwelling-place, and, instead of inquiring after the fountain of life, investigates the origin of death: his misery—for the criminal, though in moods of lofty indignation he has often shaken his chains, yet for thousands of years has forgotten why he wears them, and still he wears them. But so it is. So dense a night of sin has enveloped and beclouded the spiritual eye of man, that he has become insen-

sible to its gloom; his vision has so long been accustomed to darkness, that, at last, it seems light to him. Sinful man resembles the Platonic inhabitant of the cave, who has lost the notion of a life above the dead. In this case are those who have proposed this question of questions, but have vainly presumed they have answered it, when they have tried to leap with this immense weight upon their shoulders, when they have kissed chains which they could not break. But not so we. No, we confess that we are not what we should be — that the chain we carry is a deserved one; but even under this confession, the wing of the fallen angel spreads itself for rising. Christianity is the only doctrine in the world which, while it teaches man the depth of his fall, acquaints him also with the high dignity of his original state. Christianity is the only doctrine in the world which, while it teaches man the depth of his fall, acquaints him also with the high dignity of his original state. Christianity is the only doctrine in the world which, with the utmost precision, points out that severed link in the golden chain that once fastened man's immortal spirit to the throne of the Eternal, and the means of fixing it anew. And where is that broken link which must be joined again, but in the *disposition* of man, that root of his spiritual life of which

knowledge and feeling are only the branches and shoots?

Suffer me, my dear friend, to express more fully what I think of evil, its essence, and its origin. There are only three ways in which evil may be viewed. It is either co-eternal with God, but from an original evil being; or it proceeds together with good from God; or it proceeds from the creature. They who adopt the first opinion, believe either with the Persians, in a personal, primary source of all perversity, out of which evil flows in the same manner as good out of God; or with the Platonists, who place next to God an eternal unorganized matter, (*ἐλν*.) which does not accommodate itself to the organizing spirit, and in consequence generates evil. Plato, in the last of his writings, the work on Laws, represents this unorganized matter as possessing an evil soul. But the universe cannot be governed by two masters: *εἰς νόλοντος ἔστω!* My spirit requires unity, a final, all-consolidating unity; not two gods, of which the one limits and excludes the other. Is God then the root of evil, as he is of good? for thus it is plausibly argued. If he be the foundation and determining cause of all that is, must he not also be the father of evil? If all being be his being, if he have no other life than the life of individual beings, if these form his conscious-

ness, then is evil nothing else than the limitation which God sets himself, the defect which must of necessity adhere to every individual subjected to the laws of gradual development. Evil is, then, the form of development through the whole spiritual world. But if God be the foundation of all that is, if he be the all-constituting cause, then is man wholly constituted by him. He is the only agent in man; not only the good in man is God's act but the evil also. Human life is but the tune played by an invisible hand on the strings of our soul! On the supposition that God is the foundation of evil, and that evil itself is only a defect, our personality is lost as well as God's. An irresistible logical deduction drew me inexorably towards this whirlpool, into which I should have been precipitated, had not a throbbing heart dwelt beneath the thinking head. This idea of *the absolute*, (that continually self-producing, continually self-annihilating, infinite chaos, which man cannot endure to think of, still less love,) like a petrifying Gorgon, benumbed with a deadly chill the most sacred emotions of my soul; and well may I affirm, that in this immeasurable abyss, where the good as well as the evil is a nothing, Satan alone (unless some raving fanatic be his associate) can revel. The man who breathes the air of a higher sphere,

who is not content to have an overflowing love, indifferent whether for God or the devil, who wishes to know the object of his love, and to love with consciousness, cannot slake his thirst in that fanatical, delirious love of the universe; nor will he, on the other hand, succeed, even with the keenest syllogistic tools, in turning the warm current of his heart into the Dead Sea formed by the cold abstractions of the understanding.

Never till now, never till the gospel darted a ray into the night of my heart, did I know from experience that evil is no mere fancy: but that it is not the good, this I had long ago felt; I always shrunk from that dogma of fatalism as destructive of my existence. You know, Guido, my fervid temperament; you know how amidst the overflowing consciousness of youthful power, my breast swelled with emotion, how my brain fevered, when the thought of the infinite filled it. The greatest thing in man is power; but next to this, the control of that power: so I always believed. But rob me of the belief, that over this endless power of my inclinations and instincts, a still more exalted one presides, in a free faculty of self-determination; and of the demi-god you have made a Cyclops. Guido, you know, as well as I, "There dwells a cold reckless spirit in man, which treats nothing

with reverence, not even his own virtue, since it is his own creation." This spirit it is which only the belief in self-personality can keep down: it is let loose by Pantheism, and audaciously tramples on worlds and laws, on holiness and sin. I know that this dark spirit haunts also the ruins of my soul; yea, that its influence is stronger in me than in most others; but far from inviting, I dread its appearance. Should it get free from all restraints, and assail me when unarmed, I shall perish by an internal foe. This conviction it was which suffered me not to grasp, but only to touch, with inward trepidation, the doctrine of the equality of good and evil. A still more fearful horror seized me when I read the later "Representation" of Schelling, in which he has selected terms to express his doctrine, as revolting as the thing itself had long been. He distinguishes in the deity a dark primitive origin, and a glorified form of the same. The one he calls the inverted God, the enemy of every creature; and as by means of the evolution of the dark God in the world, the glorified God develops himself; so out of Satan God is produced. Though these are symbolical delineations, yet my heart felt them in all their frightful reality. Am I, as I am, the appearance of a partly developed, partly undeveloped God?—then, as far as I know



myself, he will become in me, not God produced out of Satan, but sunk into Satan. The horror which had previously seized me when I was on the brink of merging myself, with my evil as well as my good, into the absolute, appeared to me more just than ever. I found in the appellations of that primitive origin the very names which my mind had been always obliged to give to that Pantheistic god. The heart that impelled Spinoza to write an ethical treatise, belonged to another Spinoza than the one who wrote it. Let the doctrine of one substance suffice to explain nature and the world; let it banish spirits, and annihilate space and time with their perceptions; still the little heart of man, with its infinitude of wants and longings, is an enigma which that doctrine cannot solve; it has maladies which that doctrine cannot cure. This I had already felt, before I received the Christian truth; and since I received it, I have been as firmly convinced as I am of the being of a God, that the doctrine which would subvert the indestructible barrier raised in every human breast between light and darkness, that the doctrine which declares the eternal difference between good and evil to be a lie, is itself a lie from the bottomless pit. To prove, to demonstrate this according to the forms of logic, I will readily allow is not in my power, but I

know that the holy ground begins where demonstrations fail. And I know that I have for myself a witness, (according to the saying of Sophocles, *Œdip. Tyr.* 872, "There is a great divinity who never grows old,"\*) in that accuser, whom, if man could conceal from himself, he yet will never conceal himself from him. A pretended philosophy may succeed in persuading a man that his accuser cannot charge guilt, where in fact none really exists, but can only describe what shall be: the deceived may indeed suffer himself to be borne down the current of life, listlessly dreaming away the time, without repentance for the past, without apprehension for the future; since all that has come, was to come; and what can come, will come; yet the hour will quickly overtake him, when that eye, whose glance he shuns, will meet his eye, will meet it without the possibility of his escaping.

The Pelagianism which we find in our so called Rationalists, is only a faint copy in duller tints of this Pantheistic representation of evil. They teach—though evil is an act of man, it is a fruit of that germ, of that disposition which God himself implanted in man at his creation. True virtue, so say these men of wisdom, is

\* "*Μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεός, οὐδὲ γηράσκει.*"

845 ed. Wunder. Gothæ, 1832.

indeed to be formed in man, but can this be without a conflict? Is it not a mere blind instinct if practised without conflict? Wisely, therefore, has the all-gracious God implanted in his creature a portion of love for good, together with a portion of love for evil. Divine ingenuity! to do evil, that from it good may arise! Has God implanted the tendency to evil in man, then has he implanted the minimum of evil itself, the first beginning of evil, for what else is a tendency? Whence then did God take this evil germ? Did he borrow it of the devil, a being whom you do not believe to exist? Did he take it out of himself? Tell us, what is evil? Contrariety to the divine law of life. So then, did God take out of himself a contradiction to himself, and implant it in his creature? And do these sapient thinkers know no higher virtue than that which is gained by conflict? Know they no virtue, which, like the fruits of nature, grows by an organic productive energy? Know they only hearts from which the oil is mechanically pressed; none from which it flows spontaneously? Ye have not yet stepped on the soil of freedom, deluded thinkers! Have ye not yet learnt from the intercourse of life, how much better that man is, whose rules of conduct are simply the result and expression of his inward disposition, than

one whose disposition is shaped and controlled by external rules of conduct? Know then, what ye call virtue, is the drudgery of a slave? — there is a work to be performed by the sons of freedom; there is a fresh stream of love which pours itself over the world, out of a heart that has its rest in God, and the only work of the free is to open a free passage for this stream. If ye doubt this, at least see to it, that ye haters of enthusiasts are not yourselves ranked with those Arabian enthusiasts, the Shalmaganians, who taught, that God creates along with each saint his shadow, with each godlike being his devil, in order that the latter may serve to explain the former to the world, and show by contrast what the other contains. Thus, say they, Nimrod appeared with Abraham, Pharaoh with Moses, Judas with Jesus, and the shadow was not less excellent than the light which it rendered more conspicuous. — (*Abulfeda, Annales Moslem. ed. Reiske*, tom. ii. p. 283.) If ye hold it to be impossible that good should be brought to pass without evil, ye must love the shadow as the conveyer of light, ye must love Satan as the interpreter of God. But that this Pelagian view of evil is only a concealed Pantheism, of which its abettors are not aware, from not perceiving the legitimate consequences of their speculations, is very evident. In either system,

evil is a necessary element. If, according to the former, it is said that such a development of evil must necessarily be assumed, whenever the infinite makes itself objective in a finite evolution; and, if according to the latter, it is said that evil must necessarily be associated with good, whenever God wishes to produce the best in finite beings; it is plain that the latter announces nothing different from the former, and only assumes a mode of expression for itself, borrowed from a christian Deism, and bearing evident marks of ill-digested speculation.

Let others look for the root of evil wherever they please. For my part, as I have already shown, I can look for it only in the creature himself. I can never suppose evil to be co-eternal with God, nor can I place it in God as a self-consuming shadow. It is not original, nor is it a necessary defect; it is a deprivation — a contrariety. The Scriptures inform us, that God made man upright — that I believe. From light only light will be produced, and God is the Father of lights, James, i. 17. God, who is a law to himself, is also a law for all created intelligences. He was the law of life for man. He is the great circle of life which includes in itself the smaller circles of his creatures; and his own centre must be theirs, if he

include them within himself. Wherefore, the first man could proceed from him only as his image and likeness, full of truth in the intellect, full of holiness in the will, full of blessedness in the heart. He was indeed a childlike being, and therefore not brutish. But, you ask, in a being who proceeded from God and was good, how could a schism originate? How could evil come out of good? If evil is opposed to the holy First Cause himself as a contrariety, a moral antithesis, if it can be brought into harmony with none of the divine attributes — if it is impossible for me to derive it from God, how shall I bring it into harmony with a being created by the Father of spirits in his own likeness, and who was good as he is good?

Would you derive good from evil, irrationality from reason? You will certainly fail in the attempt; for what is derivation, but to detect the plant in the germ, to trace the stream to the living fountain? Do you attempt this derivation in order to point out how evil naturally, that is, by a development according to nature, and therefore rationally, can proceed from a being created good? then you have already settled the matter in your own mind, and have determined that evil is reasonable, natural, and lawful — that it is what may really be brought into harmony with good. But if you have

already recognized evil as the contradictory antithesis of good, as the irrational, the foolish you have so far conceived its origin, when you have conceived it as the irrational and the contradictory. You must give up asking for a reasonable ground, why man, originally good, fell, for such you cannot find; and the unreasonable ground, evil itself, already is in our conceptions.

But because it is the contradictory and the irrational, is it also impossible? Were it not possible, it would not in fact be real, for its possibility is its peculiar reality. It is impossible that the good—that God himself—should become evil, since it contradicts the very idea of good and of God, and since he who is himself the ground of good cannot deny himself. It is impossible that the Spirit, which is his image, should become *altogether* evil; for if all were taken from it which it has received from God, it would no longer be itself. But relative evil is possible in a being who is not the ground of his own existence, who is not his own centre: in a finite being evil is possible, for he is not God. Here I may properly direct your attention to a distinction, too often overlooked, between possibility and predisposition. The former is that which does not contradict the idea and nature of a being, yet is not, merely on that account, actually con-



tained in it: the latter is that which is situated in a being, with respect to its commencement, as the germ and embryo of that which arises from it. And have we not this distinction in the language of common life? Has he who has the possibility of all diseases in himself, also, on that account, the predisposition to them? and is not the predisposition to disease, disease itself in its commencement?

But can that invade and destroy the creation of God which he wills not? Truly its intrusion, without his having in any sense willed it — its ingress into the world, as an unwelcome accident which could not be expelled, and which the Almighty was forced to bear like man, who cannot deliver himself from it — could never have occurred; but God suffers not from evil, and is not vanquished by it, for he overpowers it. Nor has it thrust itself into the world as an accident, but he has permitted it because it serves him. There is an aspect of evil in which God wills it, and therefore suffers it to continue, because, as respects him in whose sight the course of this world is not broken into dissevered periods of fall and rising, it never has been without the everlasting redemption, in relation to which evil has answered the best purpose; not that it has itself become good, but redeeming love has effected good with it. The possi-

bility was the only rationality of evil, and *that* it received from God, and as the possible it entered into his eternal plan. But that out of possibility it has come forth into existence, is its own curse; and that, as such, it ought not to be in God's world, he has by his acts declared, since he has ordained *a redemption from evil*.

Thus I believe, that the Scriptures are the solution of the greatest problem in the universe; thus I conceive, will you also recognize in 'the foolishness of God' more wisdom than in the whole Babel of human systems. I have spoken to you of that act of the first man, which casts its shadow over the remotest ages. And what is now our condition? Man is truly 'the offspring of God;' but no sooner does he view this aright, and look around and within him, than all his glorying is at an end; he must throw himself in the dust, and lament that God's image is so shamefully defaced. Shall I now, my friend, cause to pass in review before you the mournful train of my errors and sins? Shall I conduct you through the charnel-house of abortive resolutions and wasted days? Shall I describe to you the burial-place of so many noble enterprises and purposes, which have expired in their first bloom, till your heart become faint and your courage sink? Or does not the funeral knell of your own conscience echo loudly enough

the remembrance of past follies and sins, in your struggling and exhausted heart? Or, lastly, has not the weariness occasioned by your repeated relapses, rendered you more doubtful of your good than of your evil?

‘ In thoughts from the visions of the night,  
 When deep sleep falleth on men,  
 Fear came upon me and trembling,  
 Which made all my bones to shake.  
 Then a spirit passed before my face;  
 The hair of my flesh stood up :  
 It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof.  
 An image was before mine eyes.  
 There was silence, and I heard a voice,  
 Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?  
 Behold, he putteth no trust in his servants,  
 And his angels he charged with folly;  
 How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,  
 Whose foundation is in the dust,  
 Which are crushed before the moth,  
 They are destroyed from morning to evening :  
 They perish for ever without any regarding it.’

JOB, iv. 13–20.

Guido, when this spirit passes before your mind's eyes, thus tremble, but with exultation, since a physician is come for the sick! In every man's life there are hours when that terrific giant hand described by Daniel, arrests him, amidst all the mirth and intoxication of his career, and writes with a foreboding finger, in the depth of his consciousness, ‘MENE, MENE, TEKEL

UPHARSIN.' And what effect is produced? One man cares not to understand the mysterious words, but feasts on till night overtakes him; another man calls for his Daniel, who interprets faithfully; he clothes the interpreter in purple and gold, but returns to his seat, and, like the former, feasts on till night overtakes him. Be you, my friend, the happy man who listens while the flaming characters inscribed by that giant hand are explained by the Spirit of God, and arising in haste, flees from the place ere the Persians come and deprive him of his kingdom. Hard will it be to regain it! Like a rushing cataract, the swell of life's billows, its joys, its sufferings, its pleasures, its privations, roar in our inner man; their vehement noise easily overpowers the gentle voice of the angel who announces to the soul its justification; but if the course of the cataract be suddenly stayed, how will that gentle voice not only distinctly, but fearfully resound in the void breast of the desolate! Enter into yourself, my Guido, and, apart from the multitude, commune with the angel of the covenant on the Tabor of your calmed mind. I know well the pride of man's fallen spirit, who is ashamed of his servitude and lowly form: yet it is indeed pride which binds his pinions; he must become ashamed of uttering falsehood, and rather dig and beg, that thus, by humbling himself, he may be exalted.

How can man conceal from himself that the worm which eats his interior life is *Selfishness*? Suffer me to describe to you more accurately the real condition of our inner man. Man, at his creation, willed, felt, and knew, in happy unity with God; but his offspring have exchanged the sense of this divine union for conscience, which can only originate in sin, since it is merely monitory of what ought to be: instead of a feeling of happiness, they have a predominant feeling of inquietude and unhappiness; instead of the single root of a will, one with the divine will, they have that divided inclination of the will, which, feebly inclined to what is divine, is strongly bent to inferior and selfish ends. Unlike the fabled Centaur, the animal part of man usurps the supremacy over what is rational and divine. Thus human nature is a gloomy field of night, over which, as over the plains of Bakou,\* may be seen moving fitful gleams of sacred fire.

‘How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!

How is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations,

A princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!’

LAMENTATIONS, i. 1.

\* “An extensive neck of land shoots into the Caspian Sea, whose celebrated springs of naphtha form a source of inexhaustible wealth to the petty sovereign of the town of Bakou. The principal springs are at Balagbran: one of them furnishes five

Examine yourself—look within. Do I not delineate the secret struggles of your own bosom? When conscience, with firm decision, sets before you duty in all its severity, does it not then happen, that though to that side a slight emotion may incline you, yet on the other, the sleeping Cyclop of an unbridled blind desire awakes, eager for indulgence? The blind giant struggles with the weaker tendency of the soul towards duty, which finds an ally in its knowledge of divine truth; but this is obscured by the self-indulgent desire; and when the eye within is become darkness, how great will be the darkness! In this blindness sin seizes on its prey. With a darkened intelligence man serves the blind desire; but hardly has he begun to enjoy satisfaction in the darkness, when the pure light of knowledge again penetrates, and the judge within condemns him. This struggle, with its repeated defeats, is carried on not only at some signal conjunctures of life, but is renewed every day and hour; and this the more, in proportion as conscience becomes enlightened by intercourse with God, and as that gentle movement of the will which tends towards God becomes a flame of divine love. For in this we recognize

hundred pounds a day. Not far from thence is *the field of fire*, about a square verst in extent, and continually emitting an inflammable gas.” — Malte Brun’s Geography, vol. ii. p. 60.

most clearly how much the understanding is under the dominion of the will, *that the more a man leads a divine life, the more earnest and imperative will be the claims of his conscience.* My beloved friend, let me lay before you the warfare of the human heart, not in my own words, but in the words of a man who has been my teacher — who knew how to fight and how to gain a crown. The thoughts which the apostle Paul brings forward and enlarges upon in the seventh chapter of the Romans, ver. 9–25, are the following: ‘There is in the life of man a time when the consciousness of a higher law within him, to which he must subordinate himself, is not yet awakened. In this state sin is as dead, for it does not come forth in living combat with the law of holiness. But let the consciousness of a divine law of holiness, to which man must submit himself, be awakened, sin will become so much the more active. My superior, better self (the gentle, weaker inclination of the will towards God) will thereby become depressed and prostrate. The law of holiness is not a direct, but only an indirect cause of this. The direct cause of my ruin is the preponderating selfish inclination of the will within me. As it is the prerogative of good to turn evil itself into good, so it is the curse of evil that in good itself it seeks occasion for sin. In contemplating my natural



condition, I find that my higher self is given up as a slave to the preponderating selfish inclination of the will, whilst the law of God only confronts me as something external, against which the overpowering direction of my will contends. Thus it comes to pass, that what my infirm desire after God would have to be accomplished, and what my knowledge of divine things prescribes, I do not; what, on the contrary, is in direct variance with both, (this desire and this knowledge,) is done in the moments of a blind, unreflecting impulse. My proper self (Paul herein acknowledges that the original principle of man is divine, and evil is not an essential part of his being) takes part with the law of God, so that the evil which I do is committed only by that blind, overpowering impulse, which, like an alien, has usurped a place in my godlike nature, and would scare away the original proprietor. Thus the phenomena of my inward life appear to be — I *will* continually to do good, (according to the weaker self-denying divine inclination of my will,) but I cannot do it: before I am aware, the agency of a principle opposed to what is divine, surprises me. I am forced to acknowledge that two different laws have rule within me. In the citadel of the interior man, the law of liberty of the children of God, who are averse to sin, commands; but without, in a territory foreign

to my very self, the law of a blind impulse domineers. O, who shall deliver me, wretched man that I am, from this load of misery? I myself cannot, neither can the law. But Christ interposes; he it is who has put an end to this dissension within me; to him let the praise be given!

I speak not yet explicitly of the method of cure. I will first ask you, and repeat the question, Do you know your wound as being such and so great a wound? For, if a man does not consider his wound to be a wound, the bandage must appear to him, in his delirium, as a chain which he must tear away. You will ask a question in return. If it be really so, if that within us is the slave which ought to be the master, if the Cyclop rules over the demi-god, who has given him the predominance? Is it not that very Being who will take so strict an account of sin? and will he not, after having cast wretched man into the whirlpool, punish him for having sunk into it? Well might an Asaph 'almost stumble,' (Ps. lxxii. 2,) and to a David it might appear 'too wonderful and high,' that the fallen should beget the fallen in his own likeness, and that the sin of that one should stretch forth its polypus arms around a race of millions.

' Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty, instruct him ?  
He that reproveth God, let him answer it.  
Who is this that darkeneth counsel,  
By words without knowledge ?  
Gird up thy loins now like a man.  
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.  
Wilt thou also disannul my judgment ?  
Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous ? '  
JOB, xl. 2, 7, 8.

The more man learns to trace the operations of the living God as a real personal agent, by marking the diversified experience of his own heart, the more indefatigably will he make out, in the apparently confused mass of this world's events, the "*disjecta membra Poetæ*," and thus obtain more frequent glimpses of the divine harmony subsisting amidst all the mysteries of our existence. It belongs peculiarly to those master-strokes of the divine hand by which its skill is most clearly shown, that in his plan of the universe, evil unfolds itself free and unhindered ; but no sooner has it revealed itself distinctly as evil, than it is obliged to enter the service of his wisdom, and to execute his will. Thus it is with the sinfulness of Adam. It appears in the whole race, since all are men ; but if ' by one man's offence death reigned by one, how much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign by one Jesus Christ ? Where sin abound-

ed, grace did much more abound.' Which God is greater? He who on the fall of each individual, (who yet as such, constitutes the race itself,) annihilating him, creates a new race, and on a new fall creates another race? Or, is *he* greater, who, when the race had fallen in one, raised it again in one, and having suffered sin to gain possession of the whole race, made sin itself to serve his holy plan of the universe, and through himself brings all again to himself? We may now dare to say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Death is for ever swallowed up. It is the royal prerogative of the Divinity, even in sinking, still to be victorious; and it is the secret of the divine government, that evil, while conquering, is overcome, and each one of its new victories fixes the pillars of God's kingdom still more firmly. Satan fights a Sisyphean combat against God, in which the contest itself is the only pleasure that remains to him without an aim or goal; and the Ossa and Pelion which he piles up against heaven are rolled back upon himself. Yes, that God who dwells in the unapproachable light, knows how to raise out of darkness the triumphal arch of his greatness. The fallen spirit is made to co-operate with the blessed Spirit in working the web of the universal plan, and in forging his own chains. The

man, before whose eyes the errors and misdeeds, the tears and imprecations of six thousand years pass in slow procession, as a dense cloud formed of innumerable hearts and wishes reduced to ashes—before whose eyes his own woeful and polluted past life stalks as a gigantic phantom, with a petrifying deadly glare, well may *he*, ready to expire beneath the tempest, groan out of the anguish of his heart, ‘Watchman! will the night soon end? Watchman! will the night soon end?’ But he who inhabits the eternal day, beholds in the eternal present, the sinful race of man as his redeemed. Thus, then, we meet the inquirer;—he who has not yet felt the weight of his sins, to him the answer of the question is a matter of indifference; but he who asks the question with a heart oppressed by the weight of sin, to him the gates of God’s redeeming mercy are thrown open: in the eye of God he is looked upon as already added to ‘the spirits of the just made perfect.’

I can no longer, as formerly, be always dividing mankind into individuals; I see throughout, in the many, only the one spirit of man; and unless I would, as an individual, deny my race, how should I deny the common inheritance and lot of the present human nature, which constitutes me a sinner? Have I, since I have been born a man, drawn from the com-

mon fountain of humanity that which even in its disfigured state still bears the name of the divine image, and shall I refuse the evil which in the same manner has come upon me? But, how can we speak here of giving and receiving, where a living being, acting for himself, is concerned? The pleasure and joy of self-will are my own, as much as the desire after God which beats within my breast. *Mine* is the criminal pleasure, which hides itself in the most secret folds of my heart, and which, ever since I became capable of reflecting on the evil dispositions which I brought into the world, I know to be mine, for I, my own self, it is, which wills and loves, and desires it; and this is not the place to speak of giving and receiving. Or shall I, in some way or other, sever myself from the impure inclination, so that I may retain my purity, while I throw the blame on the inclination? Shall I say, I should have been a very good man had I not had such an evil inclination? This is of a piece with the philosophy of the man who imputed his want of a good set of features to his having been changed at his birth. Whether I carry within me what of me belongs to general humanity, by propagation, transference, or impression, whatever it be called, it is all the same to me. I know, that without human nature I am not; and human nature,

as a whole, without me, would not exist. Men are one in Adam as they will be one in the second founder of the human race; and in the transgression of the first their sinfulness is exposed, as in the archetypal life of the other is manifested their transformation and redemption.

I may then affirm, that the third chapter of Genesis, and the seventh of the Epistle to the Romans, are two pillars, on which rests the edifice of vital Christianity; they are (to change the figure) two strait gates through which man enters into life, *Descendite ut ascendatis*, "Descend that ye may ascend," (*Aug. Conf.* iv. 13.) This is the fundamental law of Christianity, and for this very reason the same father says, (*De Civ. Dei.* i. 1,) "It is so difficult to defend Christianity, since it is so difficult to convince the proud that humility is a virtue; and what a virtue!" 'That our heart is not what it should be, who doubts? But that it may receive the new form, which is from heaven, must not the stony heart be first crushed, and the proud spirit be broken, before the divine refiner can recast it in the heavenly mould? Let me repeat it; without descending into the abyss of self-knowledge, the heavenly heights of the knowledge of God are unattainable. These are exalted thoughts, which can bring down those who are standing erect, upon their knees; how



much more should humiliating thoughts lay them prostrate! 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' Do you remember what a distinguished writer says? "Methinks he who knows the truth can make no self-display; much less despise and censure others. Were I only to see such a man once, I could not fail to recognize him. I would paint him to the life, with his clear, serene, peaceful eye, with his calm full confidence of faith." No, beloved Guido, we must make no self-display, that is the first condition; the other is, we must not be ashamed to beg or dig as may be our lot; since we are bankrupts, to do so, appears to me more honorable than to defraud. If I therefore refer, again and again, to the stain of our nature, many have already objected to me, (and perhaps you would do the same,) that the New Testament does not treat the matter thus; that it nowhere refers to the acknowledgment of this as a fundamental article of faith. This is partly true, partly untrue. Did not John preach his μετανοείτε, 'Repent ye,' before the Saviour came after him with forgiveness? What did our Lord require of Nicodemus, ere he allowed him entrance into his kingdom? When he invited men, in his sermon on the

mount, did he exclaim, 'Blessed are ye who rejoice in the power of your moral strength!' or, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit?' Did he come to call the righteous, or not much rather sinners to repentance? Did the physician come for the healthy or the sick? Yet it is partly true, that the New Testament speaks more of grace than sin; but that it might do so, did not an old covenant precede it with the law, and a God declaring himself a holy and a jealous God, who would not forgive their transgression and their sin? Joshua, xxiv. 19. The old covenant was ordained for the knowledge of sin; the new covenant for the forgiveness of sin. The moral law, which God has indelibly written on the heart of every man, was again solemnly proclaimed from Sinai, to evince, that the God who appeared in fire and flame as the revealer of his own holy laws, was the same who has fixed in the inmost recesses of the breast the ideal of holiness. Israel — that stiff-necked people, who continually withstood a loving God, until they were as often humbled by an angry God — may be properly viewed as an image of the proud human race in their continual warfare against God, who seeks to subdue them by severity and goodness. To impress on Israel the consciousness of their entire subjection to the Most High, and to inter-

weave it with their habits of life, a ceremonial law was annexed to the moral law, fencing the people round with commands and prohibitions, which must have excited in the most thoughtless hearts a consciousness of being under a superior Lord, and thus awakened a sense of guilt. Here also is Israel an image of the natural man, who, in order to enjoy freedom in his sin, but too gladly withdraws himself from the service of that God who alone of all beings is independent of every law but his own. Thus, when the Reconciler appeared on earth, the sense of sin and guilt was already active in the minds of men; they were seeking a thousand means of expiation. Now was the time to present again and again that one great truth, 'This is the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' Therefore, the old covenant is everywhere presupposed in the new; the feeling of otherwise indelible guilt was presupposed in the announcement of forgiveness.

I now take leave of you, my Guido. May these thoughts which I have so feebly expressed, be attended with the power of the Holy Ghost, and penetrate like flashes of lightning the night of your bosom.

'Where shall wisdom be found?  
And where is the place of understanding?  
Man knoweth not the price thereof,

Neither is it found in the land of the living.  
The depth saith, It is not in me !  
And the sea saith, It is not with me !  
It is hid from the eyes of all living,  
And kept close from the fowls of the air.  
Destruction and death say,  
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.  
God understandeth the way thereof.  
And he knoweth the place thereof.  
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,  
And seeth under the whole heaven.' — JOB, xxviii.

To this invisible being I refer you as your teacher. Be assured, if you once know what it is to be drawn by the Father, whole systems of error will instantly crumble into dust. Let the Son once embrace you with his tender love, and 'the fountains of the great deep' of sin, will be dried up. Take then, my inexpressibly dear friend, whom I love as my own soul, take the eagle pinions of prayer, and rising above the earthly and the transitory, gaze undazzled at the Sun of eternity.

"He who will not believe in Christ, must discover, if possible, some expedient to supply the need of his assistance. This, neither you nor I can attempt; we require one who can raise and support us while we live, and lay his hands under our heads when we come to die. This, *he* can do, abundantly, according to what is written of him; and we know of none whom we can or ought to prefer. Never was love like

his ; nor has anything so good and great as the Bible testifies of him, ever come into the heart of man ; it infinitely transcends his utmost desert. There is a holy form which rises for the poor pilgrim as a star in the night, and satisfies his inmost need, his most secret anticipations and wishes."

Oh, that you knew him, Guido !

Your JULIUS.

## CHAPTER II.

ALMOST a quarter of a year elapsed ere Julius received an answer from Guido, as follows :

DEAR JULIUS :

MY soul is becoming calmer. A mild brightness begins to skirt the thunder-cloud, and the sound of the thunder is more distant. "Suns beyond suns float in the furthest ether; their unknown radiance has been, for thousands of years, darting onwards to our little globe, and has not yet arrived; but thou, oh God, inexpressibly great, art also inexpressibly near!"

My soul is still too agitated; my eyes too full of tears. In a few words only will I unfold to you the history of my heart.

Yes; now I know it. "Man can misapprehend, scorn, and retard the truth; but circuitous and perverted as his course may be, he only wanders, and in the midst of that course, still seeks and means to find it. He cannot do with-

out it; and when it appears to him, it is impossible that he should not do it reverence." But which wisdom is more foolish, to imagine, that amidst a thousand systems devised by human folly, man may find truth during this handbreadth of life, or to resign oneself to the total loss of it, in magnanimous despair?

Your letter and the suggestions it contained for the guidance of my inquiries, have had a powerful effect on my mind; and though I bow reluctantly, still I bow. Do you wish for an image of my inward life. Receive it in the words of Schiller:

“ Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,  
 Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,  
 Bis zum Himmel spritzet der dampfende Gisch  
 Und Fluth auf Fluth sich ohn’ Ende drängt.  
 Und ein arm und glänzender Nacken wird bloss,  
 Und er ist’s, und hoc in seiner Linken  
 Schwingt er den Becher mit freudigem Winken.”

SCHILLER’S *der Taucher*, stanzas 6 and 13.

And it whirled, and it boiled, and it roared, and it hissed  
 As when water and fire contend ;  
 It sprinkled the skies with its scattering mist,  
 And flood on flood crowded on without end.

Now an arm, now a swan-like neck is bare ;

And — ’tis he ! in his left hand holding up,  
 With a flourish of triumph, the glittering cup.

DWIGHT’S TRANSLATION.



Since your first advice, that I would make evil the object of my investigation, and consult not only authors, but my own heart, I believe that I have trod on firmer ground; and I cannot help acknowledging the truth of what you gave me in your last letter as the result of your own experience and research. Oh, why does childish man vainly seek to draw down light from the stars, instead of striking it at home with flint and steel! Is not man the measure of all things? and who would measure, without knowing the instrument with which he measures? While I, like my companions, was afraid to descend into the awful recesses of my own breast, I chose rather to defraud, than to subsist on charity. If men will not learn their corruption from the Christian *μωρία* ("foolishness,") it is to be wished that they would from the Grecian. They might be taught by the son of the midwife,\* who knew well how to bring the hidden man to light, that from the *γνῶθι σεαυτὸν* ("know thyself") man learns his capabilities, and from his capabilities his wants. (Xen. Memor. iv. § 24—29.) Henceforth I am no longer ashamed to claim brotherhood with "the publican," who set little value on the pompous philosophy, the high-flown speculation

\* Mitchell's Aristophanes, vol. i. Preliminary Discourse, p. 92. — [Tr.]

which harangued from the stage, and preferred the humiliating lessons taught by experience, in the dungeon and the mire. (Jeremiah, xxxviii.) Nor would I be censorious if a heathen should confine this philosophy, in its fullest reach, to Him who is even nearer to us than we are to ourselves. "To know thyself—a short and simple expression this; but a work so great, that of all the gods, Jupiter alone understands it."\* Yes, my beloved friend, as I now fully perceive (for only now are my eyes opened) how many a heathen, with noble ingenuousness, has thrown away the scanty garb of a pretended rectitude, I am ashamed still more of my stage-philosophy. I lately placed before me, in a series, the following expressions used by ancient writers:—

PLATO, describing the chariot of the soul as drawn by two horses, says,

"One of them is in excellent condition, upright in figure, and with well-formed limbs, with a lofty neck, an aquiline nose, the body of a pure white, the eyes black, ambitious, with discretion and modesty, a lover of true glory; and not requiring the whip, is guided by a signal or a word of command. The other again,

\* Plutarchus ad Apoll. c. 28; Opera, tom. i. p. 202, ed. H. Steph. 1572.

is clumsy, stiff-necked, short-throated, ape-faced, of a black color, grey-eyed, stained with blood, insolent, and contemptuous, shaggy about the ears, obstinate, scarcely obeying the whip and the goad." \*

CRATES. — "It is impossible to find any one without blemish; but as in the pomegranate, there is in every man one rotten kernel." †

XENOPHON. — "Evidently I have two souls. Had I only one, it would not be at the same time good and evil; it would not at the same time love honorable and dishonorable actions; nor would it will and will not to do the same things. Thus it is manifest that there are two souls; when the good soul predominates, honorable actions are performed; but when the evil one has the ascendancy, base deeds are attempted. ‡

PLUTARCH. — "If the youthful mind be excluded from hearing instruction, from even so much as tasting rational discourse, evidently it will not only remain unfruitful and unproductive in virtue, but will be perverted to vice; and many noxious plants will spring up within it, as in ground that has never been stirred and cultivated. If the impulses to pleasurable in-

\* Plat. Phæd. 253, ed. Steph. p. 110, ed. Stallbaum.

† Diog. Laert. Vit. Phil. lib. vi. s. 89, p. 357, Amstel. 1692.

‡ Xen. Cyrop. lib. vi.

dulgences, and aversion from laborious exertion which are not the result of impressions from without, or of direct persuasion, but are the fountains of innumerable sufferings and maladies issuing forth spontaneously from the soil—if these are permitted to take their natural course, unchecked and undiverted, without reducing nature to order by the salutary restraints of reason, even the most savage beast will appear more tame and manageable than man.”\*

And Diodotus, in THUCYDIDES, says, “All mankind are naturally prone to err, nor is there any law that can restrain this, since men have had recourse to all modes of punishment, still augmenting them, with the view of being by some means less annoyed by transgressors. In short, it is an impossibility, and a mark of great simplicity, for any one to suppose, that when human nature is passionately bent on any object, any man can be found to keep it off, whether by the force of laws or by any other means of terror.”†

“What is man?” so, lastly, asks ARISTOTLE, —“An image of impotency, a ball of fickleness, the cradle of envy and misery; in short, slime and gall.”‡

\* De recte aud. Opera I. p. 66, ed. H. Steph. 1572.

† Dr. Bloomfield's Translation, iii. 45.

‡ Stob. Serm. p. 96.

Say, Julius, whether we do not here discern something of the attestations of our God, 'of the rain and fruitful seasons,' of which the *σπερμολόγος* (the babbler) discoursed at Athens? Acts, xvii. 18. Yes, here is the philosophy of the miry dungeon!

Since I recalled the eye of my spirit from vainly wandering on foreign subjects, and fixed it on the spirit itself, I have recognized the fact, that we are all truly evil, and very evil. Now I know, and rest in the conviction, (for which I bless his name, who is the light as well as the life of the world,) that the Father of Lights is not the father of darkness. An unceasing discord jars the whole music of human life. Shall I acknowledge that it is so, or, disowning in my soul the divine faculty of hearing, shall I accustom the ear of my spirit to the discord as if it were harmony? This is what he must do who persuades himself that evil is the foil of good, the divinely-ordained condition of its development. And ye who look with so favorable an eye upon the world, and everywhere fancy that ye behold more good than evil, can ye not understand the loud accents with which life addresses you? Only look down, thou gentle sentimentalist, look down into thy own bosom; mark how, from morning to evening, in all thy life, pursuits, and actions, thou seekest only thyself and

thy own gratification ; mark how impracticable it is to cherish a humble, well-regulated love towards all mankind in thy heart ; how, when thou imaginest thou hast subdued a single passion, still with every fresh occasion, the internal conflict is renewed ; mark not only thy deeds and words, which occupy a comparatively narrow sphere ; but mark likewise the million thoughts and inclinations which swarm each day afresh in thy soul ; couldst thou venture to unfold a thousandth part of them in the presence of Christ ? Mark not only thy sins of commission, but of omission. Examine how much impurity is attached to thy purest words and actions. Consider, even as far as thou hast actually combatted sin, how much thou hast not slain by the holy love of God ; but, as in the battle of the Cyclops, hast merely strangled one vice by another ; sensuality and avarice by pride ; pride by effeminacy and sloth. Consider how much of the good thou hast willed and done has had its root in pride, either grosser or more refined. Look further, on the aspect of the world before thee. Observe the dense cloud of transgressions and deeds of violence, of levity and haughtiness, of sensuality and avarice, of envy, enmity, hatred, and anger, which hangs over the history of past ages, and darkens the whole horizon. Hear the lamentations of the Pilpays,

the Davids, the Juvenals, the Erasmuses of all centuries and nations; 'The Lord looked down from heaven on the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no not one.' Ps. xiv. 2, 3.

Where is the age which may not well look back into the past and forward into the future, out of disgust with the present? Have not a new band of sins and evil desires made their appearance, to tyrannize over each successive century, so that only those who are too shortsighted to discern the advances of the new, can view with unmingled satisfaction the retiring of the old? Does not unconquerable corruption tower up in height when it cannot increase in breadth? Add to this, the thousand weapons which both God and man bring into the combat. Look over the countless series of lawgivers and philosophers, of monarchs and censors, instructors of youth and ministers of religion, who have united their efforts against the overwhelming irruptions of the torrent. Look on the sorrows and woes of mortality, on pestilences and tempests, on national decays and migrations, on diseases and earthquakes, wars and rebellions, which are as thunderbolts hurled by the Deity, to prevent the sinner from slumbering in his



sins; and when you have collected all this into one survey, then answer the question,—Does that rule in man which ought to rule, or does it serve? Is the good Spirit stronger within him or the evil? As there were once philosophers who plucked out their eyes, in order to live in a state of undisturbed contemplation; just so does the speculator pluck out both his eyes of experience, that he may not see how unsubstantial are the fabrications of his own brain. And yet it is true, that experience and speculation must harmonize and concur, in order to produce any valuable results. Yes, experience, I repeat, and experience only, can decide our belief respecting sin; for the character of the divine still powerfully manifests itself in us; the dim flame which glimmers in the sepulchre of our breast, still gives superhuman evidence of its celestial origin. Hence we are so prone to forget the mouldering bones, corruption and the tomb. Yes, truly, unless day uttered it to day, and thought to thought, man would not believe that he was quite undone. And yet what vivid glimpses of the reality have some minds obtained! But since to find truth in this dreary region brings discord, and the sword, and the refiner's fire, the inquirer hastens to draw a veil over his eyes, and voluntarily remains in darkness.

How near the truth was Kant! He penetrated so far into the night of the human heart that we cannot sufficiently wonder that he did not feel an earnest longing after him who is its 'Morning Star.' In his work, "Religion within the bounds of Reason," he declares that he would not venture to dispute the assertion of the British statesman, Walpole, that "every man has his price;" he acknowledges a certain malicious tendency in the human heart, which verifies the maxim, "that in the misfortunes of our best friends there is a something not altogether unpleasant to us." He sees this preponderating bias to evil, not merely in a state of civilization, but also in a state of nature. He allows he cannot trace this bias to its source, and yet refuses to consider it as hereditary. His near approach to the truth on one side is well shown in that valuable work, "Immanuel, a Book for Jews and Christians. Berlin, 1805." "The rational origin," he remarks, "of this discordancy in our free will, in reference to the mode in which motives that should be subordinate, assume the rank of governing principles, (i. e. that bias to evil, of which we have been treating,) remains inscrutable to us, inasmuch as it (the bias) must itself be imputed to us, consequently that primary ground of all prin-

ciples would again require the assumption of an evil principle. Evil can only spring out of moral evil, (not out of the mere limitation of our nature,) and yet the original disposition (which no one but man could injure, if this corruption is to be imputed to him) was a disposition to that which is good. For us, therefore, there is no intelligible ground whence moral evil could arise." Were our theologians of the rationalist class as honest as they deem themselves rational, they would have followed Kant, and avowed their ignorance on this central point. Were they sharp-sighted enough, (in case it seemed disreputable to take their stand on the simple statements of revelation,) they would speculate till they reached the ultimate point of speculation.

You cannot imagine, my dear friend, the utter contempt, as far as my experience goes, which I feel for the mountebank wisdom of that modern school which is always trying to find a *Limbus Patrum* between the heaven of the Gospel, and the hell of Pantheism; for whom could they find to tenant the place, save indifferents and children? It can happen only to an inexperienced youth, who has not yet learnt that every truth is followed by its shadow, to rejoice with Phidippides :

“How gratefully the mind receives new lights,  
Emerging from the shades of prejudice,  
And casting old establishments aside !” \*

CUMBERLAND’S TRANSL.

On the contrary, let the sun of science ascend higher above the horizon of life; no longer are mere blossoms or leaves produced, but fruits. Let the youth become a man, the golden ore no longer satisfies him which he finds in little fragments on the surface of the soil, fit only for a mere plaything; he rests not till he has dug a shaft, and laboriously has won, by the miner’s lamp, the treasures which will be employed for his sustenance and use in the light of day. The often-quoted words of the philosopher of Verulam are here to the purpose.† “It is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or a superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline a man to atheism; but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion.” You remember, Julius, with what deep emotion we read the noble expressions of the great Plutarch.

“As the initiated, at first, assemble with tumult and noise, pushing against one another; but when the sacred rites are introduced and

\* Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 1381.

† Vide Bacon’s *Advancement of Learning*, book i. p. 13, of Works, vol. ii. Montagu’s edition.

exhibited, attend with silent awe; thus also at first, around the gates of philosophy, you may witness a great tumult, forwardness, and talking among those who are pushing rudely and violently; but, whoever comes into the interior, and beholds an awful splendor like that of a temple, assumes another deportment, is silent, and trembles, and humbly and reverentially follows reason as a God."\* Thou venerable heathen! oh, that all men would cultivate philosophy with a disposition like thine, and not look upon it as a balloon, a mere production of human ingenuity, in which the maker proudly seats himself, and then bids it take him to the stars. Alas! he is not able to ascend beyond the earth's atmosphere, or would lose his life in a higher region. Philosophy should rather be considered as a celestial arch projected from the throne of the Eternal, down to man's earthly abode, on which the Blessed One descends to his children, and they ascend to him. Knowledge rises only by gradual steps to heaven; faith soars thither on

\* Plut. de profectibus in Virtute, Op. Varia, tom. i. p. 140, ed. H. Steph. 1572. This is one of the few passages in classical authors, in which *ταπεινός* is used in a favorable sense, instead of its more usual signification of *mean* or *contemptible*. Plutarch appears to have borrowed the expression from a passage in Plato, (De Legib. iv. p. 185, Bip.) where likewise *ταπεινός* occurs in a good sense.

its own vigorous pinions. Yet how many treat science as they treat life :

“ Men deal with life, as children with their play,  
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.”

COWPER.

And it is this misuse of science which so disgusts me in that shallow school of theologians. They lack the internal power to mount upwards, or to descend into the depths, for which they fain would compensate by spreading themselves over an immense extent of surface, and make miserable attempts at constructing their spiritual life out of phrases and criticisms. And truly, real science may be considered as a temple, as a garden, as an *Æolian* harp; whatever you please, in short, except a thing to collect shreds and fragments, — a mere besom! How am I shocked, when I see around me, hundreds of those who are preparing to take the care of souls, instead of building a compact edifice, merely heaping stones together; instead of laying a foundation, sweeping rubbish! O Julius! tell me, when the salt hath lost its savor, where-with shall it be salted? I am silent, and weep.

Thus, my beloved friend, have I made you acquainted with the new moulding of my soul. I hold “the cup high above the foaming flood,” yet the billows still break over me. I think that

you will already have learnt from my statements that the lofty spirit has been brought low, and the stony heart has been crushed. Yes, I can truly say, I am not great in my own eyes. I am the unworthiest of the children of men. With David, I can say, 'Before I was afflicted, I went astray ; but now have I kept thy word.' For these two months I have kept a diary, that in this mirror I might learn to know myself. I have plainly seen that I am without comeliness. I am still very sorrowful, and yet, how shall I describe it, amidst all my sadness, a soft gentle breeze fans my cheeks. Sometimes, while I am sitting in silence, and bewailing that the wheat in myself and others is so much choked with weeds, a gentle voice whispers, "God is thy friend!" A blissful feeling then comes upon me, which I never felt before : I am often constrained to shed tears of joy, and seem as if I had already entered the mansions of the blessed. In my former repose there was an internal disquietude ; while now each painful feeling is soothed by gentle gleams of tranquillity. My inward life resembles the close of a summer's day, when the sun is on the point of setting. In earlier life I often entertained (indistinctly, I allow in conception, but clearly enough in point of presentiment and feeling) the thought, that one grand idea was springing up within me ;



but at the very moment of its development, it seemed to split into a thousand minute ones, as if a water-spout were suddenly converted into a drizzling shower. It is now as if all my thoughts were only faint reflections of a single great one.

I met, yesterday, with A. You know how much and how grievously he has offended me. I was just about to pass him coldly, when I thought on the Lord Jesus. For a moment the struggle was dubious:—I held out my hand, and spoke to him; my heart burned within me, and I could hardly refrain from tears. How perfectly different it is to perform or omit an action on a thousand other grounds, or out of love to a forgiving Saviour! I know not whether I am already regenerated; but this I do know, that it must be an inexpressibly blessed thing to be a true Christian. It often appears to me, as if, through the knowledge of my own misery and corruption, I had been permitted to lift up, for a moment, the veil of a great sanctuary; and the glimpse thus obtained has so filled my soul with a reverential joy, that I would patiently wait for whole years before that veil, if it might be once more withdrawn, fully assured as I am of the resplendent glories which lie behind it. P. with whom I often meet, said, he knew not what I meant by all

this ; but I tell him, that *that* is quite natural. I do not expect that it should be otherwise : but I dare not conceal from you, to whom, next to God, I am indebted for my present spiritual life, that I am unable very often to obtain any comfort at all, especially when I see that my improvement does not advance as I wish : yet, sometimes, at such seasons, a ‘hidden manna’ refreshes me ; — I know not what else to call it ; — a consolation springing up from the deepest recesses of my soul ; but at other times, I become irritable, out of humor, displeased, and at last, quite cold and miserable. In general, the doctrine of redemption is neither theoretically nor practically clear to me. I believe, indeed, that it is true, but my views respecting it are so changeable, that, sometimes, I scarcely for two successive days think the same. Especially I find it irksome to retain what is historical and matter-of-fact in it : I would rather contemplate it as a beautiful sublime idea. I beg, therefore, that in your next letter, you would write fully whatever may be salutary in reference either to my theoretical views or my practice.

Ah, my inexpressibly dear friend, would that I could see you again ! then we might unite in joyful thanksgivings, on that very spot where we prayed happily together in our childhood. How wisely have you guided my wandering

heart to the truth! How rich a blessing has it proved to me, that you first called my attention to sin, in order to gain from that point a comprehensive view of the whole gospel! I now read much in Luther. What a depth of wisdom and knowledge I find in this man of God! He leads the soul even as you have led me. In his exposition of the first penitential Psalm, the second verse, he says, "This Psalm, and others of the same kind, is never thoroughly understood or used in prayer, until a man has a clear perception of his ruined state, as he will have in a dying hour; and blessed are they to whom this happens while life and health continue. For there must come, sooner or later, to every man, a perception of his lost and ruined state. If a man is thus undone, and is reduced to nothing in all his own capabilities, works, and very being, so that he feels that he is no more than a miserable, condemned, forlorn sinner, then comes the help and strength of God. So Job found it. When thou thinkest thyself already swallowed up, then wilt thou break forth as the morning star. God's consolations and strength are granted to none, except to him who implores them from the very bottom of his heart. But no one thus prays 'out of the depths,' who has not, in the depths, been alarmed and forsaken; else he knows not what is

wanting to him, and stands secure in a different strength and consolation — his own or the creature's. In order freely to impart his own divine consolation and strength, God first withdraws all other consolation, and fills the inmost soul with grief, so that it cries and longs after his consolation." Claudius\* is much esteemed by you, beloved Julius. Since you have pointed out his excellencies, I prize him next to the Bible. What he says of the Gospel of John may be applied to his own writings: "The mild and solemn lustre of the full moon behind an evening cloud." With his words will I close, whilst in the spirit that dictated them, I embrace you.

"The Holy Spirit is the beginner and finisher of the work of grace in every heart which has truly mourned and meekly submitted to the process of purification. He comforts, enlightens and sanctifies, and is given by the Father to those who ask him. And as the corn of wheat is by degrees softened and dissolved in the ground, and gradually, without our perceiving or comprehending it, assumes a life of its own, puts forth the germ, and silently continues to grow, until the blade makes its appearance above ground; so, according to Holy Scripture,

\* Matthias Claudius, a celebrated German writer, born 1743, died 21st Jan. 1815. Author of the "Wandsbecker Bote," &c.

is the process in such a heart. It loses by degrees its own peculiar form, its old inclinations and views; it is sensible of something within, living and powerful, which frees the spirit more and more, and rises it above this world, till the day dawn, the morning star arise, and the mystery, 'Christ in us,' be made manifest in it.

Farewell, my Julius.

Your GUIDO.

## PART II.

### ON THE PROPITIATOR.

#### CHAPTER I.

IMMEDIATELY after receiving the unexpected answer which so gladdened his heart, Julius again took his pen; and glowing with love to his friend, and holy gratitude to him who loved them both, wrote the following lines.

FRIEND OF MY SOUL, BELOVED IN OUR REDEEMER!

IF mortal man, in that brief interval which lies between his first smile and his last, avails himself of the opportunity, to think for what purpose he is come into the world, and for what purpose he is to leave it; and if, between the first lighting up of life and its extinction by death, he finds his Saviour, he has attained the great object of life. You have found him, my Guido, and therefore have not lived in vain. How vividly do I realize the present happiness of your soul, for I also have tasted that sweet-

ness which the first experience of holy love communicates. How delightful the rest you now enjoy! Well may he who reckons in his existence more hours of sleep than of high aspirings, more of indolent dulness than of vigorous struggles, more of quiescent than of active enjoyments; well may such an one be incapable of comprehending him through whose arteries the blood rushes impetuously, and whose lungs heave profoundly, in full sympathy with the intense ardor of a soul, whose vital element is action. The former can appreciate neither the joys nor sorrows of the latter; neither the heaven he seeks nor that which he has found. But the elevated and vigorous soul, whose breast swells with unbounded desires, whose heart God only can fill—he will understand us. Did not at one time my voice set itself against the Highest, and contend with him? With the patriarch Job I exclaimed, ‘Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures?’ Job, iii. 20, 21. With David, I said, ‘If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right



hand shall hold me.' Ps. cxxxix. Then a voice sounded in my ears, 'Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' Is. lvii. 15. And along with this voice, the same Jesus who once calmed the waves of the Galilean sea, has been with you and with me, to hush into an eternal calm the storm within our breast. Our feelings are incommunicable, unutterable!

And can I now embrace you as a brother in Christ? O that my heart, overpowered with thankfulness, had wings on which it might rise to the Eternal, and prostrate itself before him! Worlds may perish, but amidst their ruins we shall stand firmly, fixed on the Rock of Ages.

By our love to our invisible Friend is our friendship to each other sanctified. The natural man, as in all other things, so in his friendships, supremely loves himself; the regenerated man, as in all other things, so in his friendships, supremely loves the Lord. In proportion, Guido, as you are more abundantly replenished with his love, will our mutual love be more ardent. We have become branches of the same vine—members of the same body; and one

member sustains the other. If our path be sometimes rough, grieve not, my friend. As at the beginning of our conversion, so through the whole course of our lives, the Saviour addresses us again and again, 'Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?' But where Jesus Christ is, who is 'the Lord of glory,' there will be daily more and more of glory. It cannot be otherwise: we are raised above the kingdom of the perishable and transient, and translated to that kingdom which cannot be moved. One or other assailant may shake off 'the golden bells' of our priestly vest, but we can never be stripped of the vest itself. "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests in thee. With thee is perfect rest and an imperturbable life. He who enters into thee, enters into the joy of his Lord; he will not fear, but in the Most Blessed will he be blessed." Such was the holy Augustine's experience fourteen centuries ago, and such will be the experience of the last Christian on earth, when the Lord shall come. Such also is our own. Hurricanes and billows may shatter the frail vessel; the lightning-flash may split its masts, but it shall be borne through waves, and storms, and tempests, to that haven where it shall be rebuilt and preserved for ever. All happiness, separate

from Christ, consists of evanescent pleasures and anticipations, which are often delusive, and when realized, not connected vitally and permanently with our inmost being — mere drops on the parched lips, succeeded only by a more intense thirst; dazzling flashes in the deep night, which only leave it in more dismal gloom. He who can estimate his happiness only by transient emotions, flickering like *ignes fatui* over the morass of life; or by purposes and resolves, hastily formed in the anguish of his soul, after some great transgression, like signals of distress made by sinking mariners; such an one is not yet grounded on the rock, that word of reconciliation, which stamps the character of man with perpetuity, and imparts to time the stability of eternity. You wish, dear Guido, to hear something from me respecting this holy doctrine. I gladly comply with your request; for while writing, my own heart will be enlarged and my soul warmed. I will write to the extent of my ability; but do not expect that I can dip my pen in the glowing colors of an eastern sky, or fill it with that tender simplicity which flowed in the heart of St. John. Did that beloved disciple, who imbibed his spiritual life from the bosom of his Saviour, know how to speak on such a theme, not as it really is, but only as he was able; then will I claim this as

the only apology of my stammering tongue, that, were I silent, the very stones would speak.

Am I to speak to you of a Redeemer of human kind? I would first set before your eyes human kind, as it lay by the wayside, groaning and bewailing the incurable wounds inflicted upon it by sin. The priest and Levite passed by, but could not heal it. The wounded giant must lie in his blood till the Samaritan brings balms and ointment. In the great diseased body of the human race, members were never wanting who were disposed to purify and quicken the stagnated circulation; yet the infected arm could not help the infected breast; the languid heart could not stir the intermitted pulse. A fresh stream of life must flow into it from without. The divine spark must be kindled from heaven. Three orders of men, principally, came forward as the deliverers and champions of their brethren; and their efforts are worthy of grateful acknowledgment, for otherwise the great body would have been consumed by its internal fires. These moral Sisyphi were founders of religions, lawgivers, and philosophers. Important and salutary, no doubt, was the influence of a Confucius, a Zaleucus, and a Pythagoras, upon their contemporaries; but by all their efforts the stone was

not rolled half way up the mountain-side, and at their decease it was precipitated with more tremendous speed down again into the valley. And what were they able to accomplish? The lawgiver might inscribe on brass and stone the laws which were eternally binding on God's creatures, but could he engrave them on the human breast? He might, with the rod of vengeance, chastise misdeeds and transgressions; but could he, with this same rod, sever the ligament which unites the deed and the unlawful desire, or strike the desire itself? So far from this, the desire would retreat into the inmost breast, only to renew the combat with greater dexterity and more concentrated vigor. He could kill the sinner, but not the sin. The philosopher might gravely declare that the storm of one's destiny reaches only the shell, and cannot penetrate to the pearl within; but, oh, if the storm within the breast be not hushed, the soul feels as the body feels when the nerves are laid bare, and every passing blast cuts it through and through! He might discourse of the good, the honorable, the beautiful, and the godlike; but all this, without that God in the heart who was personally 'manifested in the flesh,' would be only the distant gleam of the aurora borealis on a snow-field, under which the frost melts not, and no flower grows. He might point upwards,

from the dust and turmoil of earth, to the magnificence of the starry heavens; but had he wings for the soul, when aroused from its slumbers, to convey it thither? If not, why rouse it, only to behold those inaccessible glories with despair? The founder of a religious system might indeed be a Prometheus, to convey to miserable mortals, (*οἰζυροὶ βροτοὶ*) in his hollow tube, one little spark from the celestial regions, some precious fragment of immortal truth, which might shed a lustre on his countenance, like that of Moses, (Exod. xxxiv. 30,) so that, amidst the 'darkness which covered the earth' he would seem a representative of the Most High. But man must have more than this. Man requires one who hath seen the face of God; and this can be affirmed of none save of 'the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father.' John, i. 18. And besides, he who would pass over the sea, must know its depths, with its various rocks and shoals. But the darkness cannot comprehend itself; the light must first shine into it. "Tu Deus me melius nosti quam ego meipse." "Thou, O God, knowest me better than I know myself." The great men to whom I have alluded may have had a little spark of that light, each in his own measure; but it was not the light itself: there was too much left for them to guess respecting the human heart, ere



they could attempt its cure, so that they made little progress in their work. Thus, from century to century, as the consuming malady of the wretched race increased, the power to resist its progress became more and more exhausted. And should we even not admit that from primitive and better times a tradition was preserved among the diseased, of a physician, a holy man, that should one day appear and effect an universal cure, we might conceive that the mere earnestness of desire called forth such a period and such a holy physician. But there are various reasons for considering that opinion to be more correct, which maintains that it was a divine voice which, in the earliest ages, and through successive generations, gave intimations, more or less distinct, but always full of consolation, of a great Restorer, who should bruise the serpent's head. Different names were assigned to this personage; one nation called him Baldar, another, Krishna, a third, Oschan-derbami, a fourth,

“*Cara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum ;*” \*

but they all referred to one and the same. The people of Israel especially longed for his appearance; and they might well be impatient to be-

\* The beloved offspring of the Gods, the great son of Jove.



hold the royal visiter and great consoler, after he had been announced to them so often, during two thousand years. Had the preparation they made for receiving him consisted more in a disposition of the heart congenial with the design of his appearance, than in a readiness to pay external marks of homage to a temporal deliverer, his advent might not have been so long delayed. At last the lip of prophecy thus described him: 'The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in.' Malachi, iii. 1. From that time the prophetic heralds were silent. With what anxiety would those angels, whose ministrations relate to the human race, wait, during the four centuries in which no prophetic sounds were heard! But the materials were silently preparing among the nations, for kindling the fire of God upon the earth, until the hour arrived, when they were permitted to announce, 'To-day is born to you a Saviour?' And how critical was the period at which he came! As if the cure might be more thoroughly effected by a single operation, the morbid matter of the whole infected race had been compressed within the space of the century previous to the appearance of the Physician, and the age of the Messiah's advent disclosed all the crimes of which a degenerate

world was capable, whether Jewish or Gentile. Josephus says, "No city had ever endured so much, (as Jerusalem,) nor since the world began, had any generation been more fruitful in wickedness."\* And the same writer, in another passage, says, "That period was among the Jews fertile in every species of corruption, so that no deed of infamy was left unperpetrated, had any one wished to exercise his ingenuity in devising some new form of evil. All men, in private and public life, were so infected, and strove to surpass one another in deeds of impiety towards God and of injustice towards their neighbor."† In his ever memorable words, in the same work, he declares, "I dare not refuse to utter what the crisis demands of me. I believe, if the Romans had delayed to come on these guilty beings, the city would have been swallowed up by an earthquake, or overwhelmed by a deluge, or overthrown by the thunderbolts of Sodom, for this generation far exceeded in impiety all who had endured similar calamities."‡

And what is the testimony given of the heathen by their own writers? Pausanius testifies, (*Græc. Des.* viii. 2,) "In my times no one is

\* *De Bell. Jud.* v. 10, s. 5.      † *Ib. Jud.* vii. 8, s. 1.

‡ *Ib. Jud.* v. 13, s. 6.

deified except for the sake of flattering the powerful. Depravity has now risen to the greatest height, and has taken possession of all cities and of the whole earth." Seneca gives the following description:—"Crimes and vices everywhere abound to such a degree, that they cannot be cured by force. A prodigious conflict of depravity is going on. Daily the desire for criminal indulgence increases and shame diminishes. Wherever we turn our eyes, veneration for all that is good and just is cast off; unbridled lust obtrudes itself; crimes are no longer committed in secret, but unblushingly before our eyes. Such is the ostentation of vice, and its universal prevalence, that innocence cannot be said even to be rare, since it has ceased to exist."\* But what, if in this era of universal deterioration, when, as Virgil sings, heaven and earth tottered under the load of immeasurable calamities,

"Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum  
Terramque tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,"†

when all things sighed after a happy change,

"Adspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!"‡

\* De Ira. ii. 8.

† See the world bending under its arched burden,  
The earth and the expanse of ocean, and the vast heaven.

‡ See the universal joy of the coming age.

what if then the inmates of the great lazareth-house had been questioned on the kind of physician they required? Alas! how could they tell what was necessary for their recovery, when, like an individual before his conversion, they knew not the nature of their disease! One demanded a philosopher, another a king; one desired a sign, and another sought after wisdom. How slow was man to acknowledge that the scale of human greatness is little adapted to the divine greatness! Man would measure not only the world, but even the Eternal by his own dimensions. 'But the Lord was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire; only in the still small voice.' 1 Kings, xix. 11-13.

"If we saw the sun (says an eminent divine) suddenly leave its place in the heavens, and descend to the earth, what would be our amazement! But the spiritual sun has descended from heaven and sojourned among men! A redeemer has come to our world;—a deliverer from all distress, from all calamity; a redeemer from sin; a helper, who 'went about doing good,' yet had 'not where to lay his head.' Around him the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Him even the winds and sea obey. He bids little children to come to him, embraces and blesses

them. He shunned no labor and no reproach, and patiently endured even the death of the cross, in order to accomplish the work given him to do. He came into this world to save it, and in this world was scourged and tortured, and expired with a crown of thorns." Well might we exclaim with Claudius, "Hast thou ever heard any thing comparable to this! art thou not overcome with astonishment? To contemplate such a character, merely in idea, might elevate and arm one's soul for enduring a martyrdom; and he who could find in his heart to mock or deride it, must be out of his senses. But he whose heart is in the right place, while he prostrates himself in the dust, will exult and adore." That he who was in the form of God should appear under the form of a servant; that he should wear the 'seamless' vest, who 'clotheth himself with light as with a garment,' is indeed a manifestation of a greater idea than had ever entered the heart of man. He who would be something great, must do something splendid, was the opinion of the whole world. Wherefore he 'came to his own, but his own received him not.' To their worldly views and expectations he deigned not to conform; for his 'meat and drink was only to do his Father's will.'

It seems to me, that in the present day the

doctrine of redemption would have been received more effectively, had men viewed the sun as a sun, as one glorious luminary, instead of singling out for contemplation individual rays, which thus isolated will be all but extinct. They acknowledge Christ as a redeemer; but they have so restricted the notion as to deprive it of all vitality. At the mention of the word, nothing else occurs to their thoughts but — what is confessedly of prime importance, yet only in connection with all beside — the blood which was shed on Golgotha. For all within you, Guido, which sighs after a redemption, is Christ come as a Redeemer: he has redeemed your heart and your reason; he has redeemed your spirit and your body; he has redeemed yourself and nature which surrounds you. He has redeemed you not only by his death, but by his resurrection; not only by his life on earth, but by his session on the right hand of God; not only by his actions, but by his word; not only by his humanity, but by his divinity; not only by what he was in time, but by what he is throughout eternity. Guido, you cannot confine the rays of the sun with a thong, nor pour the ocean into a cup. I have made the vain attempt, and have lost my labor. I have applied the carpenter's square of formulæ learnt by rote, to the 'great mystery of godliness,' as

if it would shrink to dimensions such as I could measure ; but the instrument fell from my hands. That Word, who from the beginning of the world has been the light of men, and by whom the world was made, became flesh, that to as 'many as receive him, he might give power to become the sons of God.' Behold here the redemption of Jesus Christ, and also his revelation ; for his revelation is nothing else than his redemption.

'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' Rom. v. 12. Is man born as man ? must he not be born a sinner ? He brings with him a heart that loves sin. It is true, I may well look on the countenances of little children, and sigh, " Oh that I were one of you ! " Yet I do not mean, Guido, that I should therefore be a citizen of the kingdom ; but because we must receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, and I have not so received it (Luke, xviii. 17) as it has been announced to me. Still, is the thistle only first a weed, when it has shot up luxuriantly ? or is it not a weed before the seed has germinated ? Do children wait to be taught by their elders, to hate and to be angry, to envy and to be self-conceited ? Why are they more prone to indulge such dispositions than to prac-



tise self-denying love? Will a human being imitate what he does not love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Guido, by the narrowness and childishness of the sphere in which the heart of a child moves. That boy who snatches away the meal of his young companions, when he becomes a man, would seize on countries, and trample on the rights of nations. In the inmost recess of my soul, I am conscious of evil, not as something foreign and derived from without, but my own property and in affinity with my nature. I have been attached to it, not as if compelled by another to retain it, but as if I could not bear to part with it. If children, let me ask, made their appearance in this world originally pure, with only one love and one desire, how comes it to pass, that not one is found among mortals who retains this love to the end of his existence?

But the spirit is a simple substance, and if men have brought into the world with them what is opposed to the divine nature, it must pervade their whole being. Error and delusion have taken possession of the intellect; distress and misery have penetrated the feelings, and thus every son of Adam comes into the world bearing marks of his descent; deriving what is contrary to God blended as to the real knowledge of the divine will and Being, and

unhappy in the element in which his own free will has placed him. O man! thy name is sin, and error, and misery. But what thy own nature has brought with it into the world, the same presents itself in thy whole race. If the interior bond of nature, by which the individual is connected with his race, has made him a sinner; and if he cannot with his own hand sever this interior bond, how can he cut asunder that exterior bond of intercourse which, from his birth, equally connects him with sinful humanity? The evil, the error, and the misery, which are the portion of the whole race, encircle him from his cradle: they flow in upon him by a thousand channels, and excite to action within him whatever is allied to them by education, by instruction, by example, and by the institutions of society. Inveterate errors, which have taken deep root in the community, and have been adopted by all the families and individuals that belong to it, arouse the error which lies in his own heart; example and custom stimulate; his perverted heart greedily inhales the polluted atmosphere which surrounds him; and thus this new comer, trained to manhood by a corrupt race, experiences and bears the sin and guilt of a contemporary and preceding world. But what he himself is and has, he is and has not only for himself. He is a link in a living chain, and

stands in living relation to his own age and to posterity. To them he transfers the error and misery which he imbibed through instruction, example, and civil institutions, and, in short, his whole spiritual atmosphere. As he has borne and suffered the guilt of his predecessors and contemporaries, so must his contemporaries and posterity bear what he has suffered. Fix your eyes, then, on the Prometheus of human kind, (of whom the son of Iapetus may be taken as no unfit symbol,) bound for so many centuries with adamantine chains, and the vulture, all the while, piercing more deeply into the vitals of the helpless captive! How will his courage revive, when he hears from afar the footsteps of his Hercules!

The human race is one in Adam, and I cannot take up one living link apart from the whole spiritual chain; each individual is mysteriously connected with his race by an interior and exterior bond, so that neither could he fall, nor can he rise, excepting as a constituent portion of the race. But, at what link in the moral chain, is the renovated humanity to begin? Can humanity produce something essentially different from what already exists in it? And what is the portion of human nature except sin, error, and misery? Were men radically free from any one of these evils, they might be exempt from

the rest; but where one exists, all exist. The mist in which sin envelops itself, has so obscured their vision, that men do not so much as "know what they worship."

Where, Guido, tell me, where can you find in this dark mass, the point whence the gleams of a brighter day are to issue? "But," you ask, "is there nought but darkness in this complicated mass? I see at least the morning dawn!" Say, rather, the evening twilight, compounded of day and night. Yes, man is the 'offspring of God,' nor has revelation concealed the fact. The Redeemer speaks of an eye of the soul which is darkened, not destroyed; (Matt. vi. 23;) and the spirit which is allied to God, 'must worship him in spirit, and in truth.' John, iv. 24. The Father teacheth the soul in its inmost recesses, and those who hear his voice, come to the Son. John, vi. 45. 'That which may be known of God, is manifest in men,' but 'they have suppressed the truth through unrighteousness.' Rom. i. 18, 19. At Athens, on Mars' Hill, the apostle proclaimed, 'Ye are the offspring of God.' Acts, xvii. 28. Yes, my friend, I firmly believe, for it is the first act of the revelation of the divine word, that the revealed God has manifested himself from the beginning of the world, as the light of men. John, i. 5. This light has appeared and

shone within them, but they have comprehended it not. I see, therefore, not unmingled night in the dark mass. I plainly descry, (and such was the ancient faith of the church,) in every quarter, faint and broken rays of the great sun; but where is the sun itself to arise? As I do not see unmixed sin in the great mass, so neither do I see unmixed errors; but as I everywhere behold the prevalence of sin and misery, so I observe, amidst faintly shining truth, overpowering error. The thousand systems which man, in his researches after truth, propounds, while they evince to me the existence of these faint and broken rays of truth in the human spirit; also show that it possesses not the sun itself; and few things affect me with deeper pensiveness than the frank confessions I have met with in heathen writers on this subject. Thus SOLON says, "The mind of the immortals is altogether concealed from men." And PINDAR:—"Why do you imagine that to be wisdom, in which one man a little excels another? For the counsels of the gods are not to be scrutinized by the understanding of a man, the offspring of a mortal mother."\*

HESIOD.—"There is no prophet among the dwellers on earth, who can know the mind of awful Jove."

\* Fragmenta, iii. 10, ed. Dissenii, tom. i. 224.

SOCRATES, on the same subject, says, "What the gods permit us to learn, (by the exercise of our natural faculties,) it is our duty to learn; but such things as are not manifest to the human mind, we must attempt to obtain from the gods by the means of prophecy; for the gods will make them known to those whom they are pleased to favor."\*

ARISTARCHUS, a contemporary of Euripides.—"It is of equal avail to speak well or not; to investigate or to be ignorant; for in reference to these things, the wise know no more than the unwise. And if one pretends to speak better than another, he only displays his arrogance."

EURIPIDES, in his *Philoctetes*, (ed. Barnes, p. 501.)—"Why, sitting on the ancient seats, do ye swear that ye clearly know the affairs of the divinities? Men are the fabricators of such discourses, for he who boasts that he knows concerning the gods, knows nothing, but persuades by mere talk."

ANAXANDRIDES, in the *Canephoroi*.—"With respect to divine things, we are all unapt, and know nothing."

XENOPHANES, the Eleatic.—"God knows the truth, but uncertainty hangs over all mortals."

SOPHOCLES also.—"While the gods conceal

\* Xenoph. *Memorabilia*, i. 1.

divine things, you will never be able to learn them, if even with keenest search you go through all."

PHILEMON, the comic poet, on account of man's ignorance of the divine purposes, comes to the following conclusion:—"Acknowledge and reverence God, but do not speculate concerning him, for you will gain nothing by speculating except the labor. Be not rashly resolved to find out the mysteries of his existence. Do him homage as being God, and always present. But what he is, it is not his will that you should learn."

The illustrious PLUTARCH, living in times when he who was 'the truth' had already become man, writes, "Words have the value of coins. In ancient times there was far more of inspiration among men: at that period, history, philosophy, religion, and the whole of life, were poetry; and as men expressed their wants, so the gods made known their will in high poetic strains. But now, the time is changed; and as the mode of speaking on human affairs has become more prosaic, and partakes less of imaginative ornament, the peculiar character of the age requires that the oracles of the gods should also be given in simple and unadorned language."\*

\* De Pythiæ Oraculis, c. 24.



The more elevated minds among the heathens, who longed for clearer light than the scattered beams of truth could afford, and to hear "surer words" than those uttered by sinful men, wandering in the twilight, turned, as their last resource, to the oracles of the gods. PORPHYRY has exhibited a collection of oracular sayings, which he has confronted with the Christian Scriptures, in order to show that among the Greeks there existed something more than faint glimpses or imperfect traditions of truth. He says, "What use may be made of this collection, they will know best, who with painful longings after truth, have prayed, that some special vision of the gods might be vouchsafed, in order that by the sure instruction of such (divine) teachers, they might obtain rest from their doubts."\*

What is truth? This single question reveals at once the extreme penury and the amazing wealth of man. "I have repeated, even to weariness and disgust," says the wise man of the north, "that the philosophers and the Jews are in the same predicament: neither of them know what reason or what law is, or for what purpose they are given; namely, for convincing of ignorance and sin, not for communicating

\* Euseb. *Præpar. Evang.* lib. iv. c. 7, p. 86, ed. Rob. Steph. 1544.

grace and truth, which must be *historically revealed*, and cannot be obtained by the exertion of man's natural powers; which no man can work out for himself, or receive as his birth-right." \* Look at man, surrounded by a thousand systems; a ray of light gleams upon him from each; but can he collect the scattered rays and form them into a sun? And supposing that he could thus unite all the rays that meet his own vision, yet will there not be wanting those which belong to generations yet unborn? and will not these partially united rays have a faint lustre, rather than the genuine solar effulgence? He who, by an irrepressible impulse, has the courage to ask, What is truth? may on that account feel his bosom swell with elation; but no answer comes, and he sinks down in absolute despair!

What is the race of man without a Redeemer, who not only *has*, but *is* himself 'the Truth?' And 'the Word,' who 'was in the beginning,' and was 'the Light of men,' without their com-

\* So likewise speaks even Solger, (*Philosophical Conversations*; Berlin, 1817, p. 240,) "Thus it is, that reason, if left to itself, however perfect it may be, perceives the necessity only of that which, through the goodness of God, is revealed to us; and that the divine benignity reveals it to us as a *living* and *present* reality, the necessity of which reason acknowledges, while it is utterly beyond her power to create that great reality."

prehending it, 'was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' John, i. 14. If heathenism was the star-sown night of religion, and Judaism the clear moonlight, we know that they must both have been indebted to the sun,—that sun which has now risen. It was needful that he who was the truth should appear, amidst the human race, and as a member of it; but equally needful that he should not be a partaker of its corruption, nor derive life from a polluted source. Wherefore the new Founder of the human race, the second Adam appeared, called into life by the power of the Holy Ghost, (Luke, i. 35,) as was the first Adam, (Luke, iii. 38,) and without sin; and in the pure humanity was the pure divinity revealed, free alike from sin and error; thus he appeared who alone could affirm of himself, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' Let me here quote a sentence from Luther, who thus feelingly expresses himself: (Luther's Works, Altenburgh edition, vol. vii. p. 64 :) "When the moment arrives for our labor and work to cease; when we can no longer remain here, and this great question presses,—where can I find a bridge, or even a plank, by which I may pass safely over to the other world? when matters are come to this pass, then, I say, look not

about for some way of human device, for something good of thy own, a holy life or deed ; cover all such things with the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' and depend on him alone who says, 'I am the way.' He who knows nothing of him may adopt these lines : —

I live, and know not how long ;  
I die, and know not when ;  
I go, and know not whither : —  
How strange, that I am so mirthful !

Thus must they speak who will not hear this doctrine, nor receive this way, but spend their lives in vainly seeking another way. Such is, and such must be the condition of the heart of man, if it be without Christ ; always in suspense, oscillating for ever in doubt, terror, and dismay, when it thinks of death and knows not in what it will issue. But a Christian may with confidence reverse these lines, and say,

I live, and well know how long ;  
I die, and well know how and when ;  
(Namely every day and hour to the world ;)   
I go, and (blessed be God) know whither :  
How strange, that I am still sorrowful ! ”

Guido, in divine things, man requires divine certainty. For man, there must be something true and holy ; and this must not be in his own hands or in his own power, for he cannot be

trusted either for another or for himself. And what are we taught by that truth on which alone reliance can be placed? Ask not those stewards of the mysteries of God in modern times, who are really stewards of no mysteries. They have passed through the garden of the Lord, and instead of admiring its beauties, have collected the dried twigs that lay scattered in the walks. They have culled for themselves out of God's word a theology, which they call natural; probably because it is the theology of the natural man, in which they include the doctrines of freedom, of immortality, of providence, of God's paternal love — beautiful, glorious doctrines, had they not torn them from the living body: they are now cold, dead limbs, a sun shorn of its beams. A great theologian of our church, Schleiermacher, (*Glaubenslehre*, ii. 276,) spoke the truth, when he said, "There is always a direct or indirect attempt to destroy Christianity, when men are disposed to separate the doctrine *of* Christ and the doctrine *concerning* Christ from one another, and look upon the latter as at best an invention superadded to the former. We ought rather to consider all Christian doctrine as implicated in the doctrine concerning Christ; and allowing that Christ taught some things not in immediate connection with the doctrine concerning himself, this certainly is

that which least belongs to that system of truth, which he alone, by means of his peculiar distinction from mere human beings, was able to communicate. As for improvements in the system of morals, in which some placed the essence of Christianity, they are of a kind which men may attain by superior mental cultivation and extended intercourse with one another, without Christ."

That the doctrines of religion to which we have referred should appear meagre, when taken out of their proper place, is not surprising, since, in this disjointed state, they are beautiful names, but no realities. To persons who *thus* hold them, we may say,—Your *freedom*! what is it, but a vague capriciousness, which pursues what is for your own advantage, without a sense of obligation, and without the impulse of love? It is only an empty name—the beautiful word *freedom*, and nothing more, until 'the Son make you free indeed.' Your *Immortality*!—how poor! The Scriptures scarcely know the negative word! You know not what it will bring you, sorrow or joy; and if the latter, of what kind. The Scriptures reveal *an eternal life*; that is, a life in Christ, which begins here in time. He who believes has already 'passed from death unto life:' the Christian knows and tastes, here below, that of

which he will have the full fruition in another world. How meagre and unsubstantial is your *Providence*, viewed apart from that which is the proper aim and end of all spirits — participation in the kingdom of Christ! It is because they are ignorant of that blessed destiny, the way to which lies through much tribulation, that many have no higher conceptions of providence, than as filling their wine-presses and barns; whilst Paul knew that ‘all things’ (and thus even affliction) ‘work together for good for them that love God.’ Rom. viii. 28. And *the Father in heaven* — of what advantage is it that he should be announced to those, who, while his voice in their own heart condemns them, know that ‘God is greater than their heart, and knoweth all things;’ (1 John, iii. 20;) and therefore, as long as there is darkness in them, they must stand in awe of that Father who is light as well as love? The mere announcement of a loving Father in heaven is an empty sound, so long as there is not that spirit of adoption which is the seal of sonship to those whom the Son has made free. Had the incarnate Son of God imparted to the children of men no other wisdom than this scanty theology, the disciples of Mohammed might compete for the palm of superiority. On the doctrine of eternal life, hear the words of a wise Imam,



who, it seems to me, might be placed next to the sage of Nazareth, by those who see in Jesus Christ only the greatest of the prophets of God.

“Thou wilt perhaps desire to form a precise idea of death; but this is impossible, unless thou knowest previously what life means, and this thou canst not, until thou art intimately acquainted with thy own spirit. For one thing, thou art possessed of an animal spirit like the beasts, which is unsusceptible of knowledge and faith: what are the precise qualities of that spirit I do not venture to say, but leave to those who are adepts in philosophy. But I will describe the condition of death. The senses are the purveyors of knowledge, in its elements, to the spirit: they are as a net, a tool, a beast of burden. Now the net may be destroyed, but the fisherman remains, and his burden is so much the lighter when he has no longer his net to carry. Death robs thee of thy limbs, but thy self remains; as in old age, by the process of assimilation, thou wilt be altogether different from what thou wast when a youth, and yet the same self. If thou hast loved sensual objects in the present life, thy punishment at death will be that thou wilt be kept from the sight of God, and that the objects of thy love will have vanished from thee. Perhaps thou sayest, have

we not been taught by the learned, that serpents and scorpions will torment us? Yes; but expect not to find these venomous reptiles in or about the body. The many-headed dragon will be in the soul: it was so in this life; but the presence of the monster was not felt as long as it was supplied with sensual gratifications. Every one of its heads is a desire, by which a man is attached to the present world. Wilt thou reply, that herein I differ from the views generally adopted by the community? I grant it; but such is the usual course of things—the community remain in the position in which they were born; only an individual here and there passes beyond the boundaries. Knowledge is the peculiar possession of the higher order of minds: the more elevated the knowledge, so much more delightful is it; and therefore the knowledge of God, being the most elevated, is also the most delightful. But however great the delight of this knowledge, to the degree it is attainable on earth, may be, yet it is not to be compared to that of the vision of God's countenance in the other world. Far be it from us to understand the vision of God, as the common people and some dogmatists, who, like brutes, have no other than a sensual conception of it. No; it means this, that the image of God, and an admirable, consistent, inward notion of his

splendor, majesty, and brightness, shall be impressed on the hearts of those who know him, as the image of the sensible world is impressed on thy senses. As thou canst represent to thyself the image of an object with thine eyes closed, and on opening them, perceivest the same object, only with far greater distinctness, such will be the difference between our knowledge of God in this life, and that which will open upon us in the other world." (Ghasali, *Kitab Elarbain fi ussul oddin*. cod. MS. Berol. fol. 260–268 and 240.)

The same writer says of Providence, (cod. MS. fol. 231,) "There are several degrees of confidence in God. The first is that of a land-owner in his agent. There is no love, but he is obliged to trust him, and hopes for the best. The second is the confidence of a child in its mother. The child, by love and instinctive affection, is drawn to its mother. The third is that of a corpse in the hand of the washer. The child screams not after its mother; it clings not always to her garment; it knows that, without calling for her, its mother will fetch it; that, without asking for milk, she will suckle it."

But, say those modern disciples of their wise and discreet teacher of Nazareth, "He had moreover a system of morals superior to all

others." That is very true; would that they understood it completely! but we add,—his preaching was at the same time, action. When Christ preached of faith, humility, and love, a higher strain was heard than had ever proceeded from any other religion; for supreme excellence, in 'the form of a servant,' was a 'new thing on the earth.' We cannot indeed deny that a distant approach towards this, appeared in the son of Sophroniscus, with his ragged mantle and bare feet, who, as in feature, so in stature and dress, (according to the remark of Alcibiades,) beneath the wooden Silenus carried the silver image of the divinity; but truly with how much less difficulty, since under his mantle no thunders were to be concealed, and his face required no veil to soften the rays of a divine majesty! In the discourses of the Nazarene, what he uttered of faith, humility, and love, was a chant of divine harmony, as far beyond that of other teachers, as his 'Peace be unto you' surpassed in worth the ordinary salutation of the Jews. His faith, his love, and his humility, were sprinkled with blood, and bore the inscription, 'A greater than Solomon is here!' A fragrance issued from them like precious ointment poured forth. The world, too, has a faith; but it resembles that of the prophet when the worm had bitten his gourd: of mountains

removed by it we have never heard. It has also a humility which will not betray its master, except with a kiss; but when was it known to gird itself with a towel, and wash the feet of the traitor? It has a love which offers wine mingled with myrrh, to the thirsting sufferer on the cross; but to surrender itself to death, even the death of the cross, is a self-devotion of which it has never been capable. But herein the greatness and sanctity of Christ's ministry especially appears, that his life, from the beginning to the end, was one continued act of love. And if love is still that heavenly power by whose influence selfish man is rendered anxious to merge his own will in the will and being of the object of supreme love, if union is the end of love, then it is apparent, how the doctrine of Christ must be, beyond all others, the property of the heart; since in the life of Jesus, the lineaments of an incomparable love, emanating from divine benevolence, are visible. The heart can hold out no longer; it is conquered, and exclaims, "Thou art stronger than I: I surrender myself;" and throws itself, weeping, into the arms of the great Teacher and Exemplar of love. Where love is at once the commander and the command, where love supplies the power and forms the reward, the combatant may well exclaim, 'His command-

ments are not grievous!'—a sentence which may be said by heart, but not from the heart, by a disciple of a different school from that of Capernaum. The Shepherd's crook of the Nazarine will reach somewhat further than the corporal's stick of the philosopher of Königsberg; and even would it not, one would rather be with the flock, reposing 'in green pastures, by the side of still waters,' than marshalled as a soldier in rank and file.

It is a view taken by the early Christian fathers, that the work of the Saviour, when analyzed for the purposes of reflection, may be best considered as a threefold office, prophetic, priestly, and kingly. A great and revered theologian, Ernesti, has made some plausible objections to this; and it may indeed be feared, that an adherence to the letter may restrict some persons too anxiously to modes of viewing the subject suited only to the present state; yet if solid ideas are at the basis of the division, that misuse to which we have adverted, should not prevent its adoption. It may be, that the lines of distinction cannot be fully drawn, since one office presupposes the other. It may be, that I cannot speak of Christ as a teacher without presupposing what he has been to man as priest; but by what other division of an organic whole would that be less the case? As error, sin, and

misery are one and yet distinct, so are the truth, holiness, and happiness, which the Redeemer brings us as our prophet, priest, and king. His priestly office is that of meditating between a fallen creature and his God. Thus it includes all that Christ has been to us in his humanity united with the divinity, and this might not improperly include what we call his prophetic office; and especially, if the peculiarity of his doctrine is intimately connected with the peculiar constitution of his person; so that his doctrine can set human reason free from the bondage of error, only as far as it is the doctrine of divinity united with humanity.

But this priestly Redeemer, when he departed from the world, did not leave his disciples as orphans: by the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son he came again and continues with them. He has given 'the anointing which abideth' in them, till they are all one with him, as he is one with the Father; and this is his kingly office which he exercises over the faithful. When he, as king of his redeemed, shall one day 'wipe away all tears from all faces,' then will he complete his priestly and prophetic work; they will be 'all taught of God,' and sanctified in and by one. The Redeemer, in his humanity identified with the divinity, has appeared as the High-priest of his



people, to atone for their sins, and to do away with the partition-wall which separates between them and their God, for he has brought an offering which his people could not bring; since 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh;' they could not of themselves produce the new spirit; they could not render the obedience demanded by the law. Their heart was not reconciled to God; for instead of loving, they dreaded to approach him. The sting and anguish of an accusing conscience, which never slumbered or slept, proclaimed, in the depths of their soul, that God was not reconciled to them. On earth there was no heaven for men; nor could death conduct them thither; for whatever a man takes with him hence, that will he find in the other world. Death was the wages of sin on earth; death will be the wages of sin in a future life. But the Son of God came, and the righteousness required by the law, which his people could not fulfil, he fulfilled. And for this purpose he shunned no hardship which his entrance into a world of sinners involved. He bore, in 'the days of his flesh,' (Heb. v. 7,) all in human nature which is the wages of sin; he permitted the evil passions of men to be let loose upon him; he bore the malice and obstinacy, the unbelief and hatred of his fallen brethren; and finally, in the fulness of fraternal love and sympathy, he

plunged himself into his brethren's sorrows. Heb. iv. 15. He, the Holy One, who alone comprehended the greatness and fearfulness of their fall, and the full weight of their misery, in all things felt and suffered with them during the days of his flesh, until the last awful day of sorrow, when the sufferings of his body and the anguish of his soul, for the sins and ruin of the world, reached their highest pitch in death; but thus death became the death of death. After he had passed through death, the common portion of humanity, (for he tasted it to the last drop, when he gave up his Spirit in a real death-struggle,) he remained not in everlasting death, but his ever-living individual humanity was glorified, and he became the first-born of all his brethren who shall follow him to glory. John, xvii. 24; 2 Tim. ii. 10. He was obedient in acting and obedient in suffering; but his acting was an act of suffering, and his suffering the highest voluntary act. He drank 'the cup which his Father gave him;' but his meat and drink was to do the will of his Father. John, iv. 34. Whilst he was like sinners in all things, sin excepted, in the active obedience of his life he bore the penalty of sin, even death; and the final death-struggle was nothing else than the consummation of his suffering activity; 'he was obedient even unto death.' Phil. ii. 8. And

though he drank this cup with deliberate love, since it was his Father's will, yet was this suffering also his highest act of voluntary obedience. Thus he became 'the Prince of life,' (Acts, iii. 15,) and the Captain of salvation to all his brethren. Heb. ii. 10. So that those who are grafted by faith into the new stock of humanity which was constituted in his person, become like him in death and in life. Those who, as connected with the first Adam, experience death with him for this life and the future, (Rom. v. 12, 17,) experience, as connected with the second Adam, after his conquest of death itself, that life which overcomes death, and presses onward through physical death to eternal life. Thus his death is the cause of their salvation and eternal glory, as it has also been of glory to himself. John, viii. 51; Heb. ii. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 55. As sin, together with temporal and eternal death, by the transgression of one has been set before the whole race; so, by the righteousness of one, holiness and true life, for time and eternity, has been set before the whole race; and, as every individual who indulges in the sinful desires of his race, incurs sin, together with temporal and eternal death; so he, who by faith enters into fellowship with Christ, receives subjectively from him holiness, and life, now and for evermore.

After Christ had finished his work on earth, he withdrew his bodily presence from his disciples; but he was not separated from them altogether, since he came to them again in the Spirit. The grain of corn fell into the ground and died in order to bring forth much fruit, and the Spirit assumed a body for himself in the society of the faithful. The Spirit was not given before the Son of God was glorified, (John, vii. 39;) but after his ascension, he came again to draw all men unto him. John xii. 32. He manifested himself by the effusion of the Spirit at the day of Pentecost; and having formed 'one new man' in the whole body of believers, which is 'the fulness of him that filleth all in all,' he has remained with the church, to sanctify, govern, and uphold it, and will remain with it to the end of time. Wherever two or three of his disciples are met together, he will be in the midst of them, until he shall come once more, that all those who are become one with him, 'may be with him *where he is,*' and *as he is*; but those who abide not in him, will experience the truth of his declaration, 'If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.' John, xv. 6. 'Christ being come an High-priest of good things to come, by a greater

and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, hath entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.' Heb. ix. 11, 12. 'Both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one.' Heb. ii. 11. They are one in him. He is the head and they are the members, that 'God may be all in all.' I Cor. xv. 28.

Such is my Saviour, dear Guido! Such is the redemption I obtain through him! Whether it be absolutely necessary, or whether God could have adopted another method of salvation, is a question which once perplexed me, but which I now consider an idle one. Enough that he is Almighty; that he can do whatever he wills to do. Athanasius has justly remarked, in speaking of the divine omnipotence, "God needed only to have spoken, in order to reconcile us to himself; he might have appeared in the earliest age of the world, without suffering death under Pontius Pilate:"\* and Augustine, (*De Agone Christi*, c. 11 :) "There are foolish people who say that the Divine Wisdom could not have redeemed them without assuming human nature: to whom we reply, God could indeed have effected it otherwise, but if he had, your folly would not have been better pleased." But

\* Orat. iii. con. Arian.

is his omnipotence something that acts apart from his other attributes, and therefore the omnipotence of caprice? or is it the omnipotence of wisdom? and if the latter, was wisdom able to choose the better, and yet has it chosen the worst? On this account I honor Anselm and Aquinas. They would tolerate in no act of the supreme reason, least of all in the greatest, (of which the Scriptures constantly speak with a *δεῖ γάρ*, a 'must be,' (Luke, xxiv. 44; John, iii. 14,) an accidental act of caprice. The needfulness also, which they could not deny to exist in the act itself, they strove to apprehend in their own minds, not despairing, that to human reason, as restored by the Spirit of God, such an act of God would approve itself reasonable. What does the spirit, thirsting after true wisdom, seek for, unless to discern this needfulness, this moral congruity? Even the renewed Christian, still continually experiencing the effects of the fall, cannot comprehend it in all its fulness, but most humbly declare, like Anselm in his treatise, (*Cur Deus Homo* :) "I will begin but upon this condition; that if I say any thing which no higher authority confirms, although defended on rational grounds, thou wouldst consider it, as I wish every thing said by me to be considered, only as my view, according to my present light, which I hold till God gives me a

better. And if I can give, in some degree, a satisfactory answer to thy question, be assured that a wiser than I could do it better; yea, thou must know, whatever man can say, there are always higher reasons for it." On this account, I cannot assent to that mode of viewing the subject which has spread itself in the church from Dun Scotus, and found a kindred spirit in our modern rationalists, that the connection between the forgiveness of sins and the death of Jesus Christ is merely accidental, so that the Redeemer did not come into the world on purpose to redeem it; but had to thank a happy accident, or the arbitrary determination of God, that what he did and suffered should issue in the redemption of the world; and might congratulate himself that his innocent blood was more honored than that of 'all the prophets from Abel to Zacharias, the son of Barachiah.' What is a redemption thus effected, but a mere fictitious representation; a forgiveness of sins, which is nothing more than a simple declaration that men will not be punished? Does it not accord with the confident assertions of those preachers after whom so many run with itching ears, who, full of flattering speeches, would make their hearers believe themselves to be noble and good, while often, at the very moment, the accuser within the breast, placed



there by more than mortal hand, proclaims condemnation in tones that force conviction? Oh, how frequently are such 'vain words' in use among men! But are the words of the Almighty vain? No, when he speaks, he wills; when he wills, he acts. His forgiveness of sin is the death of sin; his justification makes the sinner really just. We have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. Do not suppose that I am advocating the doctrine of justification as taught by the Romish church: it is part of the truth, but not the whole truth. If the Eternal before all time declared the human nature righteous, as united with 'the Holy One of God,' so was it glorified in his presence from all eternity, being conformed to the image of his Son. Rom. viii. 29, 30. For whoever becomes united to the Son by faith in time, will be truly glorious in eternity. But with faith in the announcements of the gospel, the work begins; not with a righteousness antecedent to the hearing of the word: and in like manner the work is carried on, not on the basis of any righteousness inherent in us, but on that which is to be manifested in us according to the word of our God. But the future, which is an object of faith, will be a reality in those who believe it; (Heb. xi. 1;) and in faith, and through faith,

and from faith will that future righteousness perfect itself. Is it not the same with the condemnation pronounced on all men who are after the image of the first man? Are they declared to be sinners, and condemned as sinners, whilst they are pure and righteous, or only inasmuch as they are really sinners, as they evince themselves to be individual members of the human race, and partakers of a corrupt humanity? Similarly the children of the second Adam will not be justified and declared free, whilst 'having no part' in him, but only as by faith, they are planted in him, and are one with him, (Eph. v. 30; 1 Cor. xii. 12, vi. 17; Gal. iii. 28,) even as they were one with their first Father. Rom. v. 18; 1 Cor. xv. 22. But could they be planted in him without believing, that having fellowship with him in his death, they will also have fellowship with him in his resurrection?

Another question has also lost its interest in my mind, whether we alone are the reconciled, or whether he also is reconciled who sent his Son into the world to save it. When men divide that which God has joined together, and which in him is never separated, strange questions and dangerous misapprehensions arise, and the partial reasonings of the understanding have often prepared much anguish for the heart. Thus, some have made for themselves a God who is

only love. Ingenious speculators! who can add to or subtract from their Maker such attributes as may suit their fancy, instead of receiving that idea of him which revelation presents! Are you not aware that his attributes constitute his being? or do you know of any attributes separate and distinct from his being? Or will you deny, that what the All-perfect One is, and knows, and wills, and effects, he is, and knows, and wills, and effects with the totality of his attributes? Or will you, at pleasure, abstract a certain portion of his holiness, that thus you may increase the proportion of his love? Still, my friends, recollect, God is not what you are pleased to make him, but what he is. The love of God, such as you represent it, which can be fully displayed only at the expense of his holiness, may be agreeable and welcome, not merely to here and there an individual, but to all unregenerate hearts; yet God is not thereby glorified. And if thus it be, then ill must it fare with all human virtue! How loud and terrific then will sound the voice of the accuser within the breast! A love not fortified by eternal rectitude may be weak and pliable enough to allow human virtue to stand before it unabashed; but a love of which it is said, ‘as his mercy is great, so is his correction also,’ (Sirach, xvi. 12,) is too awful for our virtue to endure.

God is love, but God is also light. His eye looks with love on man only so far as man is light. Wherefore his 'wrath is revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men;' and who can deny that his relation to a repenting sinner is altogether different from that which he bears to an impenitent sinner? The terrors of an unreconciled conscience, dread in the presence of his Maker, the general restlessness and unhappiness of an unbelieving sinner—do all these things proceed from himself? Ah, no! he would fain be quit of them! they are the work of God in the sinner; as the peace of God is his work in the believing Christian; and as there is no declaration of God which is not also an effective operation, so there is no effective operation of God which is not also a declaration of his will. If, therefore, the judgment of God has been pronounced upon the sinful, unbelieving world, pronounced by his acts as well as by his words; and if in the believer another voice resounds, if in the breathings of God's Spirit in his heart he hears the accents of a Father, who will deny that the Father in heaven has been reconciled as well as his sinful children on earth? Thus, in the work of reconciliation, the righteousness and love of our Sovereign have met together, his righteousness—since it was needful that the Holy One of

God should accomplish the law actively and passively; not that sinners may be happy as sinners, but that "the righteousness required by the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit;" (Rom. viii. 3 and 4;) his love also—for the Father sent his Son, and offered us a participation of his righteousness and glory when we had none of our own, but were lost in our sins.

But how is it that this truth has been made to so great an extent a savor of death among mankind? Has it been owing merely to the evil heart that refuses to be saved by the righteousness of another, while it deems its own sufficient? Truly the evil heart has its own share, and that the largest, in this matter; but a portion of the wrong, it appears to me, rests with theologians themselves, who have not sufficiently distinguished the temporary and the eternal, the essence and the form; who have sought the truth only in the form of the temporary representation, not in the eternal idea itself. The form in which this holy doctrine has been unfolded to us from ancient times, has been the juridical. Let me here state two different representations; that made by Anselm is one. "The law of God," he says, "is something so great and holy, elevated above the whole visible creation, that a truly virtuous being would

sooner let a thousand worlds, with all their inhabitants, be destroyed and annihilated, than move, were it only the twinkling of an eye, contrary to the will of God. If, then," continues Anselm, "every sin is an interruption of the divine and holy harmony of the universe; if it is, moreover, an attack on the inviolable majesty of God, since thereby man refuses to acknowledge him as his supreme Lord; (and man before conversion is chargeable not merely with one sin, which alone would involve him deeply in guilt, but with an indefinite number;) if after his conversion he attains to greater purity only by very slow degrees, and is still adding to the number of his sins; it is evident, that since man does not give God what is justly his due, God must take from man all of which it is possible to deprive him, provided that the righteousness of God may be in any measure satisfied. God must therefore take away every conceivable vestige of happiness, and doom him, according to the language of Scripture, to temporal and eternal death. If any man were disposed to undergo this suffering on behalf of the human race, it would be of no avail, beyond making satisfaction for himself, since this punishment is due for his own sins. Nor could an angel make satisfaction, for all his goodness proceeds not from himself, but from

God; so that he could offer no equivalent to the offended Majesty of heaven. To obliterate this infinite guilt, a being of infinite dignity, and therefore none other than God himself, must make satisfaction. He must do this as man, for otherwise man could not appropriate the satisfaction as his own. This, he who is God and man voluntarily performed, by the greatest obedience under the greatest sufferings. He merited a recompense; but as divine, he could not receive one; the reward was therefore transferred to his humanity." Such is Anselm's view, and with him Aquinas agrees. "Without a satisfaction," (says Aquinas\*) "God cannot pardon any sin. For the sins of the whole human race no mere man can give satisfaction, since each individual is of less value than the whole species. He, therefore, who makes satisfaction for all men must be a man, since there is a propriety in his being of the same species as those for whom he makes satisfaction, and yet of a dignity superior to man, that his merit may be sufficient for the whole human race. In reference to happiness, God alone is superior to man; for though angels, in the constitution of their nature, are superior to man, yet, in reference to happiness, they are on a level with man,

\* Thomæ Aquinatis Summa Theol. cum Comm. Francisci Ferrariensis. Antv. 1612, lib. v. c. 54.



in being wholly indebted for it to God. Thus, God must become man, in order to make satisfaction for the sins of men."

The other form of the juridical theory, is that of Grotius, as given in his *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ de Satisfactione Christi*. "To inflict punishment, or to free any one from punishment, whom it is in your power to punish, which the Scriptures term justification, is the prerogative of the supreme power as such; as in a family, it is the right of a father; in a state, of a king; and in the universe, of God." As far as God inflicts or remits punishment, (Grotius remarks,) we must view him not as an offended party or a creditor, (the notion of Socius,) but as a Lord or Governor, which he supports by the following reasons:—1. It does not belong to the offended party, as such, to punish. 2. Naturally the offended party, as such, has no right to bind the offender to make satisfaction. 3. The right of punishing in the supreme power is not that of absolute or of entrusted authority. For all punishment has for its object the common good, namely, the preservation and exhibition of order. In this sense God himself declares, that he 'hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner.' Supposing the authority either absolute or held in trust, it would not be contradictory to justice to give

way, to remit the punishment, for every one has free power over his own property. But to allow transgressions to pass unpunished (in the case of the impenitent) would be unjust, either in a human governor or in God, as Socinus allows. It follows, that instead of God, the law of God, the moral order of the universe, is considered as violated by sin. Hence it belongs to God, as the Supreme Judge, to form a plan by which satisfaction may be made, and the general harmony may be maintained. As in the instance of Zaleucus, who ordained the loss of both eyes as a punishment for adultery, when his son was the first who was apprehended for that crime, caused one of his own eyes and one of his son's to be pulled out, in order to satisfy the law. To forgive sin on account of the death of Christ is therefore, as the Greeks beautifully express it, "Not according to law, nor against law, but above law, and for law."\* *Not according to law*, since we ourselves should bear the punishment; *not against the law*, since the Supreme Judge has arranged that the law shall receive a certain satisfaction; yet *above the law*, since he who forgives does not, as such, bind himself to the claims of the law; and *for the law*, since by the act of Christ's death, satisfaction is made

\* Οὐδὲ κατὰ νόμον, οὐδὲ κατὰ νόμον, ἀλλὰ ὑπὲρ νόμον, καὶ ὑπὲρ νόμον.

to it. Both these theories are founded on the *Jus*, on the principle of legal justice, yet there is an essential difference between them. On Anselm's scheme, God appears at the same time as the offended party, and the judge. According to Grotius, it is the law which has been injured, and whose holiness has been violated; and God himself is no other than the impartial judge. Let me here make a remark on the reciprocal relation of the two theories. The eminent Grotius probably meant to support the divine honor, by representing the Almighty as maintaining an undisturbed impartiality between the law and the transgressors; but it seems to me, that the method he took was not the best; for can we believe that the law of rectitude has an independent existence, as something distinct and apart from the holy Sovereign of the universe? or do we not rather recognise in him (of whom Plato says, ὅτι πάντα γεωμετρεῖ,) the original ground of all law, yea, the living law? A human judge, whose subjective personal inclination is distinct from the objective law, which stands before him, like Zaleucus, may present one eye as an offering to the law, and another to his private feelings. After all, it may be questioned, whether the ancient king fulfilled the law, and is the Lord of the universe such a judge? This is a point to which the maxim

applies, *summum jus, summa injuria*. In the divine government I know of no other law than the living one, which is one with the judge himself, and of no other offended party than he himself, who is the judge. Thus we are brought back to the 'God who taketh vengeance,' (according to Anselm's representation,) to the hand-writing which condemns us in the presence of the living God, and to that full satisfaction which cancels the bond.

But how, you ask, is the satisfaction (if Anselm's view be adopted) to become effectual for justice? Will the *jus*, strict legal justice, ever take the guiltless for the guilty? and if the full quantum of suffering which sin would bring through time and eternity on every child of Adam be not endured and discharged, without the smallest abatement, then there is no strict equivalent: and when the abettors of this doctrine would lay in the balance, to make up the deficiency of suffering and punishment, the divinity of Christ, they ought well to look to it, how this, combined with a defective measure of suffering, effects a perfect sacrifice for sin. Thus they are driven to a species of composition, which allows that to be reckoned as a satisfaction which is not in itself sufficient. But will the civil law, with its technicalities, which takes cognizance of the overt acts of

persons whose mutual selfishness must yield to an objective will, that of the supreme authority in the state, will this accommodate itself to the internal relations of the soul to God? Suppose I allow that you are right; only see how much error still exists, if the juridical view of satisfaction be rejected. If the limited juridical form be acknowledged inapplicable to the relations of the soul to God, this will apply to all religious doctrine, which partake of the juridical element. The whole doctrine of the church respecting rewards and punishments falls to the ground. God is no longer a judge, nor man a criminal, for it is impossible to deny that these relations are juridical. But, my friend, is it merely the doctrine of the church or that of Scripture itself which is impugned? And ask yourself, whether you can, with greater propriety, reverence God as King, Lord, or Father, than as Judge.

Thus you see that the aquafortis of our logical abstractions consumes not only what is corrupt and diseased in our belief, but also what is sound and vital. The question whether juridical representations are applicable to the relations of God to man, coincides with the question respecting the truth of all our representations of the Most High, and the basis of this truth. If all human relations, that of father and child,

of master and servant, of judge and criminal, and even the relations of physical nature, are inapplicable to the Supreme Being and the truths of religion, we are excluded from knowing him by means of any such representations. Tried by the standard of bare abstract notions, it would be difficult to justify the language of Scripture itself. But as these relations exist only on this account, that God may reveal himself through them, and employ them as a mirror to reflect his image; so in the highest and most proper sense, an earthly father is not a father, nor an earthly judge a judge, nor an earthly king a king; but God is most peculiarly Father, Judge, and King; and only because he is such, are there on earth fathers, judges, and kings. With the deepest significance is our heavenly Father called the Father of 'the whole family in heaven and earth.' Eph. iii. 15. My friend, we speak of him only in similitudes, whether drawn out of the fulness of living nature, or out of his agency as pervading the laws and institutions of mankind. Yet the likeness, as far as it is a likeness, is not something entirely distinct from that which it represents, but it is the same in another form.

Yet, my dear friend, as long as we sojourn in this earthly abode, spiritual truths must have their body; and hence it is, that those who wish

to seize the truth in a palpable form, have erred, as well as those who would refine it into bare and abstract notions. Law also has its terrestrial body, and in transferring this to the relations between God and man, our older theological school has been chiefly in fault. Confining themselves to the outward representation, they ventured not to investigate the inward meaning; and whoever presumed to deduct any thing from the former, they conceived to commit an injury on the latter. By the exterior of the representation, I mean the accidental, the temporal, the accessory, yet that by which alone the divine idea can be realized by man; the tribunal on which the judge sits, the handwriting on parchment, and the scales in which the equivalent must be weighed, and the equivalent itself, when represented as capable of being weighed. This it is, in the ancient doctrine of our church, which has given just offence; though this very doctrine, since it contained, notwithstanding, the vital truth, has kindled the flame of piety in cold and obdurate hearts, far more than all the empty theories of later times. It contained that truth which the whole sinful race could not have elicited by their own efforts;—the perfect righteousness required by the law presented by the Redeemer as their High-priest, for them and in their stead, when he devoted himself as a sacri-



fice for sin; and what the whole race could not destroy from among themselves, namely, sin along with the guilt and consequences of sin; this has the High-priest of human-kind removed, forasmuch as by faith in him they are planted together in the likeness of his death as well as of his resurrection. What they were not able of themselves to abolish or destroy — that eternal death, which, unless they are made partakers of eternal life must be their lot — this the death of the Holy One has taken away, ‘whom it was not possible for death to hold;’ (Acts, ii. 24;) or rather, who is risen to that glory, of which all shall be heirs whom he has called to the participation of his kingdom.

Behold, Guido, in this doctrine of propitiation, the shew-bread in the temple of the Lord, which the faith of a David dared to take; behold here the despised fountain of Siloa springing out of the rock, and which alone can water Jerusalem; behold here the dried path for the children of Israel through the Red Sea; on the right hand and the left the waves stand as a wall, while they pass over dry-shod. Hear the voice saying —

‘Behold I create a new thing in the earth !

Shout for joy, ye heavens ! proclaim it, O earth !

Ye hills, leap for joy ! Ye woods and all trees, be moved !

Then shall be unclosed the eyes of the blind,

And the ears of the deaf shall be opened;  
 Then shall the lame bound like the hart,  
 And the tongue of the dumb shall sing;  
 For in the wilderness shall burst forth the waters,  
 And torrents in the desert.  
 And the mirage shall become a pool, \*  
 And the thirsty soil bubbling springs.  
 Yea, the ransomed of the Lord shall return :  
 They shall come to Zion with triumph,  
 And perpetual gladness shall crown their heads;  
 Joy and gladness shall they obtain,  
 And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

ISAIAH, XXXV. (*Lowth.*)

This is the blessed time foretold by the prophet:

' And Jehovah, God of Hosts, shall make,  
 For all the people, in this mountain,  
 A feast of delicacies, a feast of old wines,  
 Of delicacies exquisitely rich; of old wines perfectly refined;  
 And on this mountain shall he destroy  
 The covering that covered the face of all people,  
 And the veil that was spread over all the nations.  
 He shall utterly destroy death for ever !  
 And the Lord Jehovah shall wipe away the tears from all faces,  
 And the reproach of his people shall he remove from off the  
 whole earth.

For Jehovah hath spoken it !' — ISAIAH, XXV. (*Lowth.*)

\* This is one of the noblest poetical representations of the times of the Messiah contained in the ancient prophets. The desert often presents to the wanderer languishing with thirst, the appearance of a refreshing lake, occasioned by the reflection of the sun on the sandy plain; he hastens to the spot, and finds only sand and sunshine. Thus, one who is not a Christian (*der Nicht-Christ*) hastens from one sand-waste to another, and exclaims with Goethe, "Ach, dass das dort doch nimmer hier wird!" Alas! that the *yonder* will never be *here*! In Christ, the '*yonder*' becomes the '*here*.' Wherefore, the prophet foretold, that in the times of the Messiah, this *Glanzschein* (שרב *Sharab* in the Hebrew,) would become *living water*.

Oh blessed promise! oh the blessedness of its fulfilment! Could an Isaiah speak of the great salvation in such strains, though he saw in the obscure and remote distance only the glimmerings of the golden dawn, glancing upwards and tinging the horizon! What language befits our lips, on whom streams of divine love and light have been poured, not only over our heads, but into our inmost souls! nothing remains for us but στεναγμοὶ ἀλλήλοισι, ‘groanings that cannot be uttered!’ Guido, did the man after God’s own heart not think it unworthy of himself to dance in a linen ephod before the Lord, when he had brought back the ark of the covenant? and shall we be ashamed to seize the harp, and tune it to a higher strain, on the death of the despised Nazarene? If the mere idea of such a character might arm one’s soul for martyrdom, surely we may well endure a little derision for him who was actually the man of sorrows! I would say it aloud, and publish it to all the world, “This is He whom I love, and none but him!” Great and exalted is holy truth; but place the torch of the guide who leads the blind safely by the abyss of death, in the hands of the insane, and it becomes a flame of destruction. Wherefore, Guido, observe to what class of persons this saving doctrine will be announced with advantage: not to ‘the wise and prudent;’

(Matt. xi. 25;) not to 'the rich and mirthful;' (Luke, vi. 24, 26;) not to 'the righteous and the whole;' (Mark, ii. 17; Luke, v. 31;) not to those who are 'full and increased in goods, and have need of nothing.' 'Babes,' and those who have gone astray, 'the poor in spirit,' 'the weary and heavy laden,' 'the sick, publicans and sinners,' they who are hungering and thirsting are invited. Where there is no hungering after righteousness the preaching of the cross is foolishness. Yet there are various kinds of hungering. Stiff-necked Israel hungered in the desert, when it despised the heavenly manna; the prodigal son hungered after the husks; a Lazarus hungered at the rich man's gate. The hunger which the gospel presupposes for the experimental knowledge of blessedness, through the mediation of Christ, is, on the one hand, the clear perception, that man, so far from being able to attain the ideal of holiness, at each step that he takes sees it shining afar, from a higher heaven; it is, on the other hand, a perception, that whilst the soul, with its utmost efforts, can but rarely lay the jewel of a holy act, or a thorny crown of self-denial, in one scale of God's balance, corrupt self is every hour throwing, with giant hand, into the other scale masses of sin and transgression. From the whole results the incontrovertible conviction, that when

once on the open sea a conflagration is combined with the fury of the storm, it is not the prudence of the steersman, nor his labor and toil, which will avail his bark; that if the mighty voice, 'Peace! be still!' does not resound from another world, the waves will not be calmed. It is in the moral as in the physical arrangements of the world; one Being alone can say, 'Hitherto and no further! and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!'

In order to value salvation, we must be aware of the dark billows among which we are plunged, and be sensible that the stars of our heavenly home look down on our misery from so great a distance, that though we may climb with toil and tears from one ledge of rocks to another, in our attempts to reach them, yet, left to ourselves, it is only a pilgrimage through a dreary waste of misery; so that when we have gained the highest point, those celestial luminaries are at the same inaccessible elevation as before, and nothing seems left but to fall, in utter despair, into the abyss of perdition.

They who feel their extreme weakness as well as their guilt, are 'the weary and heavy laden;' they are 'the lame in the highways and hedges,' who are invited to the royal feast; and what they receive is forgiveness of sins and justification. These are the vital elements which, mix-

ing with the heart's blood of the humble sinner, cause him to respire with a holy love. Love is like the David of whom was sung,

‘Saul hath slain his thousands,  
But David his ten thousands.’

This love is the mountain-spring, which, let it only once gush forth from the rocky summit, will not stay its course, but hastens to open for itself a passage to the deep. Let a man be so thoroughly convinced of the odious nature of sin, that, to use Plato's remarkable expression, he feels *ἐλάσσων ἑαυτοῦ*, “*less than himself*,” and would if possible escape from himself; let him be humbled in the dust ‘by the weight of conscious guilt, so that he looks on the future with a doubtful eye; and in such circumstances let him hear, “Notwithstanding all past transgressions, God is still thy friend;” let him experience this, and a blissful joy will vibrate through him, and he will feel attracted to his God with a surpassing love. *And as man loves so he lives.* He whom he loves now becomes his life. With this inward energy of love he cannot sin; that is, as far as this love rules in him, all pleasure in sin is excluded.

If now the sufferings and death of the Redeemer, in that hour of deepest agony, is presented to the mind of the sinner, it acts as

an electrical shock, by which the heart is shaken to its profoundest depths; not merely sparks of divine love are elicited, but the heavenly touch sets it altogether in a flame. A man oppressed by his sins, and with a heart opened to divine things, is astonished in listening to the recital of that life and death which is to make him holy and happy. He looks onward, from that hour of childhood when the Redeemer said, 'Know ye not I must be at my Father's,' to the time, when on the cross he exclaimed, 'It is finished;' and still contemplates one who made it 'his meat and drink to do his Father's will;' who 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;' who would not be called king or rabbi; but said to his disciples, 'Whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant;' who 'knowing that he came forth from the Father, and was going to the Father, rose and girded himself, poured water into a basin, and washed his disciples' feet.' And will not such a soul now feel itself to be little indeed, and gladly imitate her who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head? He looks still further to the completion of the great work; he beholds Jesus, in that night of sorrow, after the last supper, crossing the brook Cedron, and with the whole feeling of his humanity, praying that

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the cup might pass from him ; he sees him betrayed with a kiss, and standing in silent majesty before the high-priest, while, with the crown of thorns upon his head, he exclaims, ‘ Truly, I am a King : for this end was I born, for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.’ He views him proceeding to Golgotha ; his weeping friends following in silence ; the women bewailing him aloud, while with a greatness altogether divine, he turns to them, and says, ‘ Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves.’ He is seen suspended on the cross, with the malefactor on his left, a representative of one portion of mankind, slandering and reviling him, and their companion in ignominy on the right, a representative of all penitent believers, desiring to be with him in Paradise. He commits his mother to the care of the beloved disciple ; he thirsts, and cries, ‘ It is finished ;’ the sun is darkened ; the veil of the temple is rent ; amidst that darkness and the stillness of the hill, forsaken by the throng, the solitary voice of the heathen centurian declares, ‘ Truly this man was the Son of God !’ When the soul seeking consolation beholds all this ; when it dares to believe, ‘ all this was for thy salvation ;’ and in believing, performs the greatest act of the will, the man sinks on his knees in silence, and this very

silence is the most fervent prayer of his life. Where all this is received and believed by the highest voluntary act of the spiritual life, it must needs follow, according to the constitution of human nature, that from such a belief a flame of ardent love will spring forth for the man of sorrows, and the heart now eagerly expanding for all that is holy, will urge the great question home — ‘This he has done for thee — what wilt thou do for him?’ Great and holy Jesus! the breath of thy love comes upon me like a morning breeze from the other world, pervading all the veins of my selfish heart, and impelling their streams with a stronger pulsation. I feel as if, from the abodes of thy blessed eternity, thy own imperishable life had been reflected into my breast. The germ of a new life and a new love springs up in my bosom, it expands with immortal vigor, chokes the poisonous plants which had overspread the soil, and shoots forth its boughs and branches into the outward life.

Yes, such were my emotions when first I ventured to believe that the life and the death of Jesus were mine, that they belonged to me. But the first love of the pardoned Christian is like the early mildness of spring, which is followed by many rough and chilly days. It is the bliss of a child’s dream, from which it

awakes to proceed through the wanderings and struggles of youth to the tranquillity of manhood; for between the old and the new world of the spirit, rolls an immeasurable ocean, and that not a pacific one. The first love and joy imparted by the Saviour, is the salutation of the great teacher, with which he welcomes the youthful disciple to his school; after that, man has to learn the lesson which is to be his law for eternity. As a physical earthquake is often preceded by sultriness, to which a strange chillness succeeds, so it is in the earthquake of spiritual regeneration, by whose powerful heavings the old idol temples sink in ruins. The new world, which now opens before the eyes of the regenerated, rises as a second Eden, with a thousand charms; and from the dawning heavens tones strike upon his expanding heart, which speak no more of transitory, but of everlasting joys; a holy flame burns over Gethsemane, and on Golgotha's summit, once involved in preternatural darkness, shines a star that never sets. Earth is now become the portal through which the redeemed will ascend to the holy of holies; inanimate nature is the dial-plate which indicates to the believer its invisible and Almighty author; living nature is the mirror in which he gazes on the manifestations of the Deity; the church is 'the tabernacle

of God among men,' and each fellow-believer is an angel with whom he hopes to celebrate a blissful eternity. Impurity seems banished, for ever from his soul, and hope beholds a sinless world already, in anticipation, conquered by the all-subduing King. The few short years which still separate him from the other world vanish from his view; and his joyful faith has already thrown a bridge across, and every object *there* is realized as *here*.

But such a state of elevation will not last always; those heavenly objects on which his mind's eye rested with delight, lose the charm of novelty. Old sins which had receded, awe-struck and amazed, come forth from their retreats with fresh venom, as if loath to quit their hereditary possession. According to the laws of human nature, a great excitement is followed by relaxation and languor; and exactly in proportion to the former warmth, is the cutting coldness which succeeds. In this mental obscuration all the foul birds of night gather around the frightened soul: it is assailed by two foes of directly opposite character, presumption and despair, who eagerly press forward, and alternately keep possession of the field, while each attempts to seize on the unhappy being as its prey. Presumption would persuade man, that since he has become in will

and inclination the same as before the manifestation of the divine mercy, he may conclude that all is over, that it was not God's wish that he should be more holy, or he would have bestowed on him a larger share of invincible power: let him now sin on without remorse; advance in holiness is not to be expected: and thus, either he is induced to believe that God for Christ's sake will forgive all his misdeeds, or without attempting to justify his conduct by the semblance of argument, the audacious sinner shuts his ears to the voice of reason, and recklessly plunges into a sinful course, to forget in its indulgences both himself and his God. Or it may be that despair attacks the soul, and whispers delusion to it; "Sinful desire is awakened afresh, after the holy hour of thy spiritual birth; what then can that birth be, but a deception? or if it were a reality, and yet thou couldst fall from so divine a height into the deep abyss, what deliverance canst thou hope for? Thou art become thy own executioner: in sorrow must thou spend thy short day of life, and perdition awaits thee!" Presumption and despair occupy the same chamber of the heart. Despair forms the nucleus of presumption, and presumption is the essence of despair; their tendency is the same, and for both there is one remedy. But ere this can be applied, the nature

of regeneration must be explained. It is with propriety termed a birth, for what is thus produced is only like a child, which must gradually increase and grow up to manhood. Regeneration is only the beginning of a new life in God. That inward blessedness and elevation of the soul produced by the powerful operation of God upon the heart was indeed the lightning which announced the approach of God, but not God himself; it was the heavenly radiance round the head of Jesus slumbering in the manger, but not the holy child himself. God, who in regeneration is united to man, reveals himself in the temple of the will; here the great transformation is effected, so that what the heart once loved, it begins henceforth to hate. When a man has been brought to the conviction that regeneration is only the porch of the temple, though it stands upon hallowed ground, and that the new feelings which it inspires are only as the pentecostal tongues of flames, the symbols of the indwelling Spirit, he may be tempted, even with these perceptions, haughtily to conceal himself from God, or despondingly to hide himself among the trees of the garden; still, under such circumstances, it is in Christ's sufferings and death alone that he will find an effectual remedy for all the wants and diseases of his nature. He who from pride would stifle his

conscience by sinning, will be aroused from his hypocritical slumbers more readily by the Redeemer's cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' than by the interrogation of the avenging Deity, 'Cain, where is Abel, thy brother?' If he has beheld in God's light the cross on Golgotha, its awful significance will break upon his secret hours of sinful indulgence, and impress him with a remembrance indelible as conscience, of the great event with which it is connected. He may then endeavor, but in vain, to shake off what he feels to be as burning coals upon his head—the importunate love with which the Eternal follows his wandering creatures. How striking is the difference between the warmth and influence of the material sun in the firmament, and that of the great spiritual Sun! While the former steadily pursues his lofty course in the heavens, and—though man and even the vegetable tribes must wither and die if not brought under his genial rays—cannot deviate to meet their exigencies; the latter voluntarily descends from his blissful height, and sinks into the lowest depths. Wherever there may be a closed heart, which would waste away in solitude, cold, and darkness, does he place himself over that heart, shed upon it rays of vital power, and as it gradually opens, pour into it all the fulness of his own immortal



life. 'He first loved us.' Indeed to such a depth has man fallen, that if once his natural selfishness with all its terrors has again seized him, he suppresses the clearest conviction of that unconquerable love of God which alone is able to rescue him, and, in the proud infatuation of a heart wilfully desponding, closes his eyes convulsively against him who is 'the consolation of Israel,' and exclaims, 'I know not the man!' But the mantle of the wanderer, which the storm with all its power could not tear away, the kindly warmth of the sun will soon render insurportable. The thought of the sufferings and death of Jesus for the sins of the world, will not allow the wanderer to rest in the enjoyment of the pleasures he has grasped, but again and again presents to him the perfect holiness of God, and the odiousness of sin. Moved by the terror which the manifestation of the divine holiness in the sufferings of the Most Holy produces, his alarmed conscience inwardly upbraids him; still, (though by the blasting of all his pleasures, his life has become little better than a mouldering corpse,) such is his secret enmity, that he would rather feed upon corruption than prostrate himself at the Saviour's feet. Yet, notwithstanding all this, so affecting is the manifestation of love of God in Christ's sufferings and death, that let this sun but follow him

wherever he goes, and never cease to pour upon him its powerful beams, at last a gentle hope will germinate, and as soon as the rays of divine love have made an entrance, they will continue to act till the heavenly plant expands into full bloom. Such is the operation of belief in the atonement, on the proudly desponding. The man perceives that the cause of his ruin was simply, that he was ashamed to accept of mercy, and again and again to accept of mercy. In regeneration he received the forgiveness of sins; he accepted it, but supposed, that, henceforward, he could obtain forgiveness on the ground of his own consistent conduct; unmindful that forgiveness and justification of free grace are not granted once for all in a man's life, but that he must receive this great absolution every hour, after every transgression, afresh on his bended knees. He was not satisfied that the righteousness of Christ should be his ornament and robe of honor; he wished to appear before him with something of his own. The error of the despondingly proud is the same, with this difference, that while in the former the essence of the evil is kept in the background, here it is brought prominently forward. The choleric and melancholic are disposed to be proudly desponding; the sanguine and phlegmatic to be despondingly proud; but the error and sin

is alike in both. The despondingly proud, instead of being bold enough to contend with God for not making him perfectly holy at once, begins the quarrel with himself; instead of daringly plunging into the whirlpool of sin, he enters into it with a hesitating timidity; instead of choosing heaven or hell, he would take up with the shadowy existence of an intermediate state. But for him, also, the tree of death on Golgotha will be a tree of life, and possess a vitalizing power at once alarming and attractive. *Alarming*; for the life and sufferings of the Lord become an embodied conscience, and the cross of Christ is as the rock of Phlegyas, which never kills, although it always threatens:—from the Garden of Gethsemane a voice is continually heard, ‘Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.’ *Attractive*, for when the gaze of the despondent soul is fixed on the closing eye of the crucified; when the words, ‘It is finished,’ strike upon the ear; and when in a moment of holy emotion, the Spirit of the Lord cries out in the disconsolate heart, as if the decree was now first issued from the throne of the Eternal, ‘God hath so loved the world;’ then the soul ventures to indulge a faint hope, that first glows into desire, and at length into unwavering faith.

Only by a continually deepening knowledge

of sin can man learn how inestimable a thing is faith in the forgiving mercy of God. It is in the nature of things impossible, that one who either knows not that he has a burden, or is but slightly sensible of it, should be conscious of its decrease, or of the feelings consequent on its diminution. According to the diversity of natural dispositions will men be brought, at different periods, to a sense of the value of such a faith. One passes through the sharpest conflict at his first awakening; another in the season of base lukewarmness, which so frequently follows the first glow of love; a third is drawn to Jesus with feelings and views not strongly defined, and only after long intercourse with him learns to know his own corruption, and to rely firmly on the atonement, when he has already tasted somewhat of the Saviour's grace. This latter way God often chooses with minds of strong powers, but whose depravity is proportionably deep; who, if they had been made fully sensible of their own corruption before Christ had been manifested to them, would have sunk stupefied into the arms of despair. For this reason it is impossible to lay down any settled modes of conversion: the Spirit of God 'bloweth where he listeth,' and as he listeth. Only earthly things are determined by line and measure; divine things are not *contrary to*, but *above* our

line and measure. One pilgrim travels by the Isthmus of Suez; another goes through the Red Sea and the wilderness; but both reach the promised land. But he who has really arrived at the conviction how great a thing it is, with all our corruption, still to believe in our reconciliation to God, bears a testimony to it, which is incomprehensible to such as have yet to undergo many a conflict, merely to keep alive the consciousness of their sins. Let me here transcribe one or two passages from LUTHER, who, if any man ever did, well knew both the weight of sin, and the riches of God's mercy. Speaking of Jacob's wrestling, he says, (Works, Altenburgh edition, iv. p. 213,) "The word of God is the life, strength, and power of this man; he has seized it with his whole heart, and grasped it so firmly, that it cannot fail him. 'My brother,' thinks he, 'is resolved to kill me on the spot, and acts as if he was commissioned by God to do so. Now, let him do his utmost:—God hath said he will bring me again to this land; this must be, though heaven and earth be moved. Let devil or angel, even should he assume the appearance of God himself, represent it otherwise to me, I believe it not.' So was he obliged to put off all 'confidence in the flesh,' to break off from all earthly feelings and supports, leaning wholly and simply on that truth which could

not deceive. Had we also thus, in the hour of temptation, tried how God's words strengthens and infuses courage, we should understand what this means; but, because we have not so tried its efficacy, it appears to us cold and insipid. When, however, it comes to pass that a man can no longer rely on his own hands and feet, but can only depend on the word, then he will see what power is in it, so that no devil is strong enough to overturn it; he may, indeed, bite it, and try to swallow it, but it will be to him the point of a red-hot spear. It may be a little word without splendor or outward show, but let it once be received into the heart and tried, then we shall become aware of what it can do." In his Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians he has these noble expressions: "It is an insignificant thing to extol and praise the benefits of Christ in general; as, for instance, that he gave himself for the sins of others, who were fit for it, and deserved it: but let a man alter his language, and say he died for *our* sins, nature is startled; reason shrinks back, and dares not to appear before the eyes of God. Men cannot bring their hearts to believe that such a treasure will be given out of his mercy, through Christ, without any merit or fitness of their own; wherefore they refuse to draw nigh to God, until they shall have become pure and sinless. When



they read or hear such an expression as, 'Who gave himself for our sins,' or other similar declarations, they interpret this little word 'our,' not of themselves, but of all other men who are already holy and worthy of that grace. They determine therefore to wait so long for favor, till by their own works they suppose themselves worthy of it. But this is the real fact; human reason would gladly maintain that sin is not so great and mighty a thing as God declares it in the Scriptures; but that little feeble thing which its own dreams represent it to be. In short, human reason is disposed to present to our Lord God a sinner, who might say, 'I am a sinner;' and yet all the while hold in his heart that he was no real sinner, conscious of no sin, nor terrified by it, but altogether, and in every part, pure, sound, and healthy, and needing no physician. Wherefore this is the highest art and true wisdom of a Christian, to hold these words of St. Paul, 'Who gave himself for our sins' in right earnestness, to be certain and true, and believe, as we before said, that Christ, in dying, gave himself not for our righteousness or holiness, but for our sins, which are real, great, enormous, yea, innumerable, invincible sins. Therefore, dare not allow thyself to dream, as if they were so small and few that we could cancel them by our own works. On the other



hand, thou must not despair, although they are surpassingly great; (which thou wilt doubtless find out at some future time, be it either in life or at death, whenever thou shalt be reduced to feel them aright;) but learn to believe that saying of St. Paul, that Christ has given himself, not for sins dreamed of or imagined, but for real and actual sins; not for little and insignificant offences, but for great and enormous transgressions; not for one or two, but for all; not for subdued and disabled sins, but for unsubdued, strong, and powerful sins. For, indeed, no man, nor even an angel, can of himself, conquer the smallest sin. I speak truly, and not unadvisedly, for I have often experienced it myself, and still experience it daily more and more, how difficult it is, beyond measure, to believe, especially if the conscience is deeply stricken and agonized, that Christ gave himself not for the holy, the just, the worthy, but for the ungodly, the sinful, and the unworthy.

Woe! then, to those teachers, who ere this fight begins, wherein the doubting soul, not in a dream, but in reality, wrestles with God, and at last, to be victorious, must take its stand upon his word, would induce men to decline this contest and the strenuous efforts it demands, by representing sin as a little thing, and

by painting its deformity in faint colors. "No," as Luther says, "our sins must be contemplated as great and powerful, as real partition-walls between us and God." Thus also Melancthon remarks, (Com. on Rom. v. 12,) "As a faithful physician would not represent bodily diseases as less than they really are, so we dare not extenuate the evil of sin. Sins, indeed, are never a slight infirmity, but a frightful opposition of the soul and body to the laws of God."

But the more plainly we descry the gigantic dimensions of our enemy, the more divinely great will appear that destroyer of the serpent who hath bruised his head. Oh, could the accumulated impurities of the heart be thoroughly agitated and stirred up, so that all the noxious vapors, whose elements are slumbering there, might ascend; although, for a short time, they might darken the sky, the sun would soon disperse them, and the earth appear with renovated freshness! I cannot avoid making one observation at the close of my reflections. It is true, such is the levity and presumption of the men of our generation, that, inasmuch as few are acquainted with their own sinfulness, few feel much anxiety about forgiveness. But how deeply in the soul, notwithstanding all this levity, the conviction of guilt may be fixed, is shown under the oppressiveness of inward or

outward suffering, when the din of worldly pleasure is hushed: it is then quickened into activity, (especially as the end of life draws nigh,) when the question comes home, Art thou as sure of thy eternal happiness as of thy existence? Canst thou meet death with the perfect certainty that thou art a child of God? Then the self-deluded spirit trembles. He may be able to stammer out a 'perhaps,' and indulge a faint hope; but the 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' 'I know in whom I have believed,' that rock on which a man may stand securely, in the great crisis of his existence, with eternity before him, where no 'perhaps,' or, 'I hope it may be so,' will suffice—of this the soul is destitute. Or should the lips, from the proud despondency of the heart, utter a bare affirmative on the favorable side, it is not an affirmative which comes from the heart. But he, in whose inward life the new birth has actually taken place, can respond from the deepest recesses of his heart with a cheerful affirmative to these questions; 'for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God. On this passage Calvin remarks, "Paul means, that the Spirit of God so witnesses to us, that under his guidance our spirit may have a firm assurance of the certainty of its acceptance with God. Our spirit would not suggest this

belief, if the Spirit did not precede with his witness. Thus, then, it is incontrovertible, whoever does not recognise himself to be a child of God, cannot be termed such. This recognition, in order to mark its certainty, is called by St. John a 'knowing.' 1 John, v. 19."\* For a man, in order to know himself to be a child of God, must be led by the Spirit of God; and how little man can suppose from mere fancy what that means, is shown by Chrysostom—"He speaks not merely of 'living in the Spirit,' but of being 'led by the Spirit;' by which expression he signifies, that the Spirit must direct our life, as the steersman guides a vessel, or as he who holds the bridle guides a horse, and makes not only the body, but the vital principle subject to the reins; those who are thus led, must not act as if they were their own masters, but resign to God's Spirit the mastery over themselves."

Blessed, thrice blessed are we, my Guido, we who have believed and are sure that the witness of our faith comes not from man, but from a higher source. Far from looking down with contempt on those who are as yet destitute of this witness, we, who have been relieved from

\* Comm. in Epist. ad Rom. viii. 16 ; Opera, tom. vii. pp. 53, 54. Amstel. 1667.

our burdens, would assist them to carry theirs up the mountain; we would love them so much the more ardently, not only on account of their peculiar unhappiness, but with the hope of inducing them to inquire from what summit flows that stream of love of which we have partaken. Only let them inquire, and gladly would we point out the hill and the cross upon it, whence this fountain flows.

O Guido, when, I was a spectator a short time since, of a gay assembly at N——, some ranging themselves for the dance, others at the card-tables, and numbers attracting notice by their personal decorations, I looked on the motley throng with a tear of thankfulness, that I knew something better. At times I felt such compassion for the poor deluded beings, that I was ready to cry aloud among them, "Seek what ye seek; but it is not where ye seek." \* For what were they all seeking? Lasting enjoyment. What did they find? Fleeting enjoyment with lasting pain. The dancing, especially, seemed to me a sad and affecting emblem of human life. I watched, in imagination, those engaged in it. They approach, divide, pass, and repass each other, and under the constant excitement of the music, prolong

\* "Quærite quod quæritis, sed non est ubi quæritis!"

the diversion, overwhelmed with heat and dust, till it ends in complete exhaustion. And when, after all the coming and going, joining in the dance, or resting, the day dawns, and the hall is gradually emptied of the jaded crowd, how forcibly are we reminded of the termination of a life squandered in vanity. The dim and sinking lights show here and there, through the dusty atmosphere, a torn riband, or the lost badge of an order, lying on the floor, the only traces of the recent occupants.

Guido, when we quit this earthly scene, may we leave some worthier memorial of our having been here; and whilst others are dancing or resting, coming or going, amidst all the vicissitudes of time, its pleasures and its toils, may the Unchangeable uphold and cheer us. Write to me soon. In constant prayer I am united to you.

Your JULIUS.

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few weeks had elapsed, Julius received the following answer from Guido, containing ample proofs that what divine grace had begun in his soul, the same grace was happily carrying on towards its completion.

JULIUS, MY DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST,

‘ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ;  
They shall mount up with wings as eagles ;  
They shall run and not be weary ;  
They shall walk and not faint.’—ISAIAH, xl. 31.

For this I will greatly rejoice, and my soul shall magnify God its Saviour, who hath brought me out of darkness into light, and set my feet in a sure place. I said, I am laid prostrate and shall never more stand up ; but thou madest me ashamed of my fear, and didst establish my goings. I said, I am as a straw blown about by the wind, who will bring it back again ? I was a bruised reed, shaken and ready to be broken by the storm. But thou, O Lord, hast



comforted my desolate spirit, and spoken peace to my troubled soul: wherefore I will praise thee for ever, and 'publish thy praise in the great congregation.' Yes, it has indeed fared well with me; I have found peace and rest for my soul.

Your letter, dear Julius, is a fresh proof that we are both under the guidance of the same Spirit; for every word seemed an echo of my own inward experience. Our hearts are as two mirrors, between which stands the sun; it reflects itself in both, and from one its rays pass to the other. When I bring before my mind the sentiments and confessions of Christians in all ages, as well as your own and mine, I am overwhelmed with awe and reverence at the contemplation of that holy stream of light and life, which already has, for so many centuries, poured itself into innumerable weary and desolate souls, in each one reflecting the image of the same great luminary. If I find my own counterpart in the confessions of Christians in the farthest zone, and still more exactly in yours, while the unbeliever by my side has notions of the truth as incongruous as those of the blind man, who compared scarlet to the sound of a trumpet, I cannot but believe that we have obtained admittance to a higher sphere, in which human spirits commune with the

Father of Spirits, and in God's light behold both their own and all other hearts.

The progress of my inward life, since I last wrote to you, has been this:—My first object was to take a survey of the great economy of salvation. I found that our fallen race, even in their sunken condition, had not lost all traces of their high original; that there existed among them fragments of divine knowledge, like the royal insignia deposited in the tomb of a deceased monarch. In the first pair of brothers might be seen the rudiments of the church and the world; this is a striking fact frequently referred to by Augustine and Luther. "It is written of Cain," says Augustine, "that he built a city; but Abel, as a pilgrim on earth, built none. For the city of the saints is above, though its citizens are born here and tarry awhile, till that kingdom comes to which they belong."\* See also Luther's Exposition of Genesis. Thus among the most reprobate race I found individuals scattered belonging to a better seed, who, like the milky-way spread through the depth of night, impart a glimmering light to the darkest ages. When the tribes of the earth were sunk in sin and idolatry, the holy voice of God spoke to that better seed,

\* Aug. de Civit. Dei. lib. xv. cap. i.

in accents more and more distinct, like the angel-song to the shepherds of Bethlehem. In Abraham I saw the father and pattern of all believers; his earthly life was an emblem of that 'hating and losing one's own life,' laid down as a test of discipleship by the Redeemer, and of the crucifixion and resurrection of the spiritual combatant. To his seed, at first, the promise was annexed; and when that seed increased to a nation, they were made the sole guardians of that sacred ladder on which the messengers of God, prophets, and angelic beings, ascended and descended to keep up the connection of a fallen race with the world of holy spirits. The law was given to evince throughout the need of a Redeemer, and the prophets to excite a holy longing for his advent. I observed that the whole history and guidance of this people, as well as their institutions, presented the spiritual and the future, in the dim mirror of sensible objects; while the interior and spiritual theocracy which has followed in the New Testament dispensation, may be itself viewed as a type and figure of that more excellent glory with which the kingdom of God will one day be revealed. In the new covenant of God with man, I discovered such inspiring and transcendent prospects relating to the consummation of all his dispensations—such a final

glorious aim in the whole development of our race, as made me ask myself, with astonishment and anxiety, Weak and sinful mortal! art thou really included in that kingdom whose boundaries reach from the throne of God to the confines of the abyss, and whose glories are everlasting?

He, who had the spirit without measure, manifested himself among men, that they might be one with him as he is one with the Father. Such is 'the determinate counsel' of God, and what can contravene it? The visible creation and its fetters? No; it sighs after redemption from its bonds, by the glorification of the sons of God. Satan and his host? No; they are, as Augustine says, only the antitheses in God's mandate of renovation, by which it is made more forcible and triumphant. The self-will of man, which hates the light? No; the All-wise who knows how to show his mercy in as many forms as there are stars in the sky, will surely know how to place it in such a form before the obdurate heart, that it shall be closed and barred no longer. How often have I meditated with the deepest interest on the sublime close of the eleventh chapter of Romans, of which the train of thought appears to be:—Since the Jews put away the gospel from them, an opportunity has been given to the Gentiles of entering the kingdom of God. But with the same mercy with

which your God visits the latter, will he, at a future time, visit also the former. 'For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.' Oh the depth of the riches of God's mercy, wisdom, and knowledge, by which he can draw men of every diversity of character, in the most different ways, to himself. How inscrutable, by the short-sighted eye of man, are his manifold methods of bringing about the salvation of fallen souls! (The perverse impulses of selfishness in man are continually drawing him off from the divine fountain of mercy: God must therefore be as constantly preparing other ways to meet men, as it were, in a veiled and hidden form.) But who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor? Who can affirm that he may with justice claim any thing from him? He is the original source of being, who has given to all their existence; he is the great final end, and must therefore refer every thing back to himself; he is the goal of created minds, to which all must aspire; he is the fountain of living waters, of which all may partake for ever, without limitation, and yet without satiety. Let me here quote the excellent remarks of Chrysostom on this passage:—"Going back to the beginning of the world, the apostle takes a view of the operations of God's saving mercy,

from the beginning of time to that very moment; and thinking in what various ways God has led his creature man to salvation, he is amazed and brought to make this exclamation. He is in devout astonishment that God has not willed, but effected such things, and by opposites has compassed opposites.

At times my adoring spirit has been overwhelmed, in contemplating that *εἴτα τὸ τέλος*, 'then cometh the end,' of which St. Paul writes; (1 Cor. xv. 24;) it has dwelt on the moment when death and hades shall be no more, but 'God all in all;' when the pollution of sin shall be removed from the spiritual world, and the chasm it has made shall be filled up; when, therefore, the Son, having discharged his regency, shall deliver it up to the Father of a pure and happy world of spirits; when the alternation of day and night shall end, and all shall be one unchangeable light! I have then turned inwards and looked into my own breast, and finding, alas! death and night still there, how deep has been my trouble of spirit! I longed for a glorious transformation, I longed for the glorious liberty of a child of God. From that time I began to wrestle in prayer; I began more seriously to observe, to examine, to sift, to purify, to compare all my words and actions; I noticed what required alteration in my outward conduct; I marked the daily trans-

gressions and omissions of my inward life; but my soul was devoid of peace. I no longer felt confidence in the Saviour as my friend, and became cold and indifferent towards him. Probably I was standing at the edge of an abyss, and knew it not; for oftentimes, a man proceeds unconsciously on a narrow path, with a steep rock on one side and an abyss on the other, as if it were a broad and beaten track: it is well that God conceals the abyss from his view, or he would turn dizzy and be lost. Who was the instrument of my rescue I will tell hereafter: at present let me speak of my deliverance. It was plain to me that I had adopted an erroneous method for making progress in holiness, still depending on my own strength, and not rightly understanding the divine method of reconciliation.

I had at this time neglected to fix my attention on the sure and solid foundation on which the salvation of my soul rested; namely, not in, but far above myself, in God's 'determinate counsel;' and to ascertain the extent of God's mercy to me, I had only inquired what love I bore to him, and measuring by the littleness of the one, had set a boundary to the greatness of the other. This is, as I afterwards saw, in essence, the Roman Catholic view of the doctrine of the atonement, which, by allowing sanctifica-



tion to precede reconciliation, inverts the order of salvation, and thus never suffers the heart to be fully set at rest. I had, in consequence, without being distinctly aware of the reason, imbibed a dislike to Luther, and a partiality for Tauler and Thomas à Kempis. It is indeed true, that the redemption of Jesus Christ, all the mercy of God, all the riches of heaven, can be of no avail unless he is for me, and he is for me only by faith and love. But in order that I may believe in his mercy, and love him in return for his love, his mercy and his love must first exist; there must have been really an incarnate Saviour, who must have done what suffices and extends to my salvation; there must be an objective redemption of the world, on which the belief of my own must rest. Hence it is, as I now see, that our reformers so earnestly insist on the Christ *for* us, through whom alone the Christ *in* us can be nourished and sustained. Wherefore our Melancthon says:—"Away with the speculations of Augustine or any other man! When thou art told that we are justified by faith, think not that this takes place because faith is a virtue in us by which we secure the approbation of God, or because faith is the parent-stock of other virtues; but be assured of this, whenever thou hearest the word faith, what is offered to us is something out of ourselves.

We can never ground our state of reconciliation (says the same reformer) upon our love to God; if we did we should never be justified, since we never love enough. Though the new man begins to exist in this life, yet sin always remains attached to us, on account of which our conscience must always be directed to the fact, that we are justified, not on account of the new man in us, but on account of the mercy that is in God." Thus, by this evangelical method, man is altogether taken off from himself, and carried in a contrary direction to rest in God. Away, then, with those corroding reflections, that anxious poring over thyself! Look instead, with courage and cheerfulness, on the glorious Sun of mercy; in no other way canst thou be rescued from bondage to thy corrupt nature. Fallen man regains his original dignity, as Orpheus his Eurydice; he must bring it out of the night of sin without looking back upon it; if he look back it is lost again in the shades.

The legal Christian, of the worst class, lays his pharisaical virtues and austerities in the scale, and weighing those of another against them, presumes to pronounce condemnation on all besides himself: he will unquestionably look on himself as redeemed, yet will ascribe no small part of his salvation to his own efforts, and to the returns of love which he makes to

God. The crown and summit of all Christian holiness—*humility*—is, with his present views, wholly unattainable. If he be one of a better class, he will not degrade all others in comparison with himself, nor vaunt of his birthright as one of the redeemed; but in proportion to his freedom from an excessive self-estimation, will be his anguish and despair, when he perceives his want of love in return for the blessings of redemption. The precious stone may be lying in his house, but he cannot find it, for the light of real evangelical knowledge is wanting. He supposes that love to his Lord must evince itself by lively feelings, and knows not that the simple, quiet, obedient, submissive will is the greatest expression of love. He would force from the soil, by machinery, that water which is sweet only when it spontaneously springs forth; he would gather grapes from the shores of the Asphaltic Lake. He attempts either to excite a factitious, imaginative feeling of devotion in his mind, or, (which is yet more common,) to construct with his good deeds a frail ladder, to reach that Saviour to whom he knows not how to gain access without this unscriptural and defective expedient. Surely, if by any mode, by such inverted and erroneous modes of proceeding as these, in reference to salvation, men are necessarily forced to self-deception and

presumption. This becomes to me more and more plain, that Abraham really honored God, when he believed that which, according to the ordinary exercise of things, appeared incredible; for this was truly to acknowledge that God could do that which far exceeded human comprehension. As love to the divine Being cannot begin with believing in the existence of that love within us, for by the supposition, it is not yet there; so, in every cold and lukewarm season, after the Christian life has actually commenced, love must be enkindled anew by faith, not simply in that which God has wrought in us, (for even humility may draw a veil over this,) but in that infinite compassion which he has shown out of ourselves and above our thoughts, in the gift of his Son. 'We have,' says the apostle, 'by Christ, access through faith into this grace wherein we stand;' so that we can at every moment approach and draw supplies from the Fountain of Grace. Thus Calovius remarks, on Rom. iii. 25, 'for the remission of sins that are past,' as follows:—"The man who experiences redemption begins a new life, as if he would sin no more; for the predominant love of sin, the delight in ungodliness, no longer exists in him. But the deeply-rooted tendency to sin continually breaks forth again, powerfully and surprisingly, so that he must always be

seeking anew the peace of God through Christ, and with that, fresh power against depravity." 'The sins that are past' are therefore all those sins which have been committed previously to each such renewed application for mercy and hour of grace, in which a man hath received the forgiveness of his sins through the atonement of Christ.

I also apprehend now the quality of the holiness and purity attainable by man while in the present world. He would always rather be a holy angel than a holy man. He is a Nebuchadnezzar, who wishes, by the forgiveness of his sins and the divine mercy, to raise a palace for himself, on whose battlements he may walk and say, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?' But the wisdom of God determines that he should be driven for a season from his throne, and 'his body be wet with the dew of heaven,' until 'he praiseth and honoreth him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion.' Those who have really 'obtained mercy' feel so deeply how unworthy they are of it, that they are willing to wear the rope round their necks, and to retain the memorials of their former condition; like the wheelwright Willigis, who, after he was made archbishop of Mayence, kept his tools in

the palace, that he might not forget the meanness of his origin. This is, perhaps, one reason why the Redeemer does not proceed more quickly with a convert, and extirpate at once 'the root of bitterness' in his heart. There is only one requirement made in relation to holiness; and the reason alleged for it is that which makes the requirement easy: 'Sin shall not have dominion over you, FOR ye are not under the law, but under grace.' This is, indeed, a reason, a 'for,' which none but the pardoned can understand! Let me here quote the exposition of the great Augustine, who says, "When this takes place, when grace is imparted to those who have hitherto been under the law, certain desires of the flesh will, it is true, remain behind, which, as long as we are in this life, strive against the spirit to seduce it into sin. But the spirit, when it is firmly grounded in the mercy and love of God, ceases to sin; so that we sin not through the evil desire itself, but through our consenting accordance with it." After a man has long committed sin, and scarcely felt it a burden, the time comes when he will feel it more and more a burden, and no longer commit it wilfully. Before, 'sin was alive' in me, and 'I was dead;' now, 'I am alive,' but sin is not instantly destroyed; it lies upon me as a heavy burden.

But the time draws nigh, it rapidly approaches, when he who is 'the Captain of salvation,' and 'the Prince of life,' shall be my leader through 'the valley of death' to an 'undefiled inheritance,' where 'there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things shall have passed away.' Holy, happy time! oh, that thou wert already come! my soul longs after thee, and the brightness of thy glory!

The self-examination of a true Christian, therefore, may be comprised in a single question, *What lovest thou?* It consists not so much in bewailing the number of his sins, as in a joyful child-like turning to Him who hung upon the cross. Incomprehensible as it once was to me, how this doctrine should not lead to a careless indulgence in sin; yet now, by the experience of faith, I am become perfectly convinced that only this method of salvation produces genuine holiness. The same Luther who says, "We obtain the forgiveness of sins only through faith, not through love, and we are justified by faith alone, for to be justified implies our being regenerated," knew, that in such a faith there is a vital spark, though it may be small as a grain of mustard-seed, and often himself exhibited it so vigorously, that one might easily observe the real and momentous difference between a verbal assent, and 'believing with the heart.' In his own



powerful style he thus writes of faith: "Faith is a living deliberate reliance on God's mercy, so unwavering that a man would die a thousand deaths rather than give it up; and such reliance on the divine mercy produces joy, confidence, and cheerfulness towards God and our fellow-creatures; such are the effects produced by the Holy Ghost through faith." Elsewhere he says: "Faith is a thing of life and power, not a sleepy, indolent notion, floating hither and thither on the heart's surface like a goose on the water. But it is like water heated by fire, in a boiling state, which is vastly different from the same fluid when cold, though in both cases it is water. Thus the faith which is an operation of the Holy Ghost, produces another heart, feeling, and sense, and makes therefore a new man." Again, he testifies of true faith in his sermons: "The reason why St. Luke and St. James say so much about works is, that a man may not go away and say, 'I will now believe,' and thus delude himself with a fancy which floats on the heart like froth on beer. No! no! faith is a living real thing; it makes a man altogether new, changes his disposition, and turns him quite round; it goes to the foundation, and involves a renewal of the whole man. Therefore, if I have heretofore beheld a man living in sin, I now see, by his different course of con-

duct, by his different temper and disposition, by his different life, that he believes. Such a high and noble thing is it to believe, and therefore the Holy Spirit has laid a stress upon works, that they may be evidences of faith. If in any man we see no works, we are able soon to conclude, and say, 'He may have heard of faith, but it has not yet sunk to the foundation.' If thou continuest to indulge in pride, inordinate desire, and anger, and yet hast the word faith ever on thy tongue, St. Paul will come and say, 'Hearken, my beloved; the kingdom of God consisteth not in words, but in power and life;' mere babbling will not suffice."

But, Julius, I now proceed to inform you of something which has had a more decided influence on my sentiments and conduct, than any theological speculations or inquiries. I have become acquainted with a society of true disciples of Christ. Before I myself knew the Saviour, I had heard these persons spoken of under the names of mystics, bigots, or pietists. The contracted views of life that were associated in my mind with these epithets, disposed me carefully to shun all acquaintance with them, believing that it would check all vigor of action, and all freedom of thought; that it would make all the movements of the soul as monotonous as the tinkling of a hand-bell, and cast

over the whole path of life, and impress on one's very countenance the pale hues of death. Under such chilling influences, I imagined that the beauty and splendor of the wide fields of science must be exchanged for a miserable garden of pot-herbs; the rich profusion, the ever-varied novelties of the Eden of nature, for a narrow cloister walk; and the immeasurable magnificence of the starry heavens, for the damp and gloom of a vaulted catacomb. I occasionally met Otho at the house of a common friend, but having heard that he was one of these strait-laced pictists, I took some pains to avoid him. When I had made a little progress in the knowledge of Christ, and some of my friends had already called me in joke, a mystic, the thought sometimes passed across my mind, whether these people did not, after all, pursue the same object with myself. I watched Otho more attentively. I remarked in him an extraordinary gentleness and sincerity, which seemed almost a pledge, that on further acquaintance his whole character would form a mirror, in which I should behold the blessed object of my reverence and love. I sought him out, and found him one evening alone in his little garden. In a few minutes I had laid open my heart to him, and he exclaimed, "So, then, thou also art a disciple of the Lord!" "I pray and implore that

I may be so," was my reply. He pressed me to his heart, and we entered into mutual explanations of our religious progress. He had been led by a path very different from mine. Before his conversion he had never indulged in scepticism relative to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, nor, on the other hand, had he felt a deep sense of their importance. He had not been in a remarkable degree worldly, but neither had he been decidedly spiritual. In this state of mind he became acquainted with a man who has since become the polar-star of my life also. This venerable saint has been residing here for a few years enjoying a perpetual sabbath of the soul, akin to that of the spirits of the just above, uniting a blissful repose with an equally blissful activity of love. To a very advanced age he was incessantly occupied, both in his journeys and in his fixed abode, with works of philanthropy and piety. The dwellings of misery and sorrow have seen him most frequently, for his highest gratification has been to dry up the tears of the afflicted. He has travelled far and wide. Where his influence and power have been the greatest, he has improved the hospitals and jails; where his effort for doing good on a larger scale met with opposition, he betook himself to the relief of solitary wretchedness. He believed, that in many cases the mental energies were so

oppressed and overborne by physical sufferings, as to be scarcely capable, under that pressure, of applying to spiritual objects. Before, therefore, he pointed out to the afflicted the wounds and disorders of their souls, he first wiped away the tears occasioned by earthly sufferings; and when they had learnt to love him for benefits relating to the body, they listened the more willingly to what he said of spiritual maladies, and of the great Physician. Many who had been necessitous both in soul and body, thanked him, that they were no longer forced, in either respect, to eat 'the bread of tears.' He had acquired some knowledge of the more simple medicinal remedies, and as every thing was rendered subservient, in his hands, to one great aim, he thus found access, by the sick-bed, to the spiritual need of the sufferer. Often would he sit, week after week, by the couch of those in severe sickness, without saying one word respecting the wants of their souls. But, when he had won their hearts by the unostentatious services of humility and love, and a ray of light rested on their temporal prospects, then he has dropped a hint on the happiness of those who have a heavenly Friend beyond the grave. Thus has often been excited in the weary soul, cheering desire and glimmering hope; it has longed to know more of that heavenly Friend;

and many a one has 'fallen asleep' happy in the faith of Jesus. In such services this beloved servant of God had spent a long series of years in various parts of Europe; and everywhere had been mindful of the apostolic injunction, 'to weep with those that weep.' Yet to the world at large he was scarcely known. Avoid observation was the motto of his life. He considered works of love as a balsam, which, if exposed to the air, would lose its virtue and its fragrance. He loved to address the objects of his charity in his Saviour's words; 'Go, see thou tell no man.' It could not but happen, that persons unable to comprehend a life flowing from such exalted principles, were ready to say to him, 'Thou art a Samaritan,' or, 'Thou hast a devil.' His only reply was the simple affirmation, 'I am not a Samaritan; I have not a devil.' Here and there a Shimei might be found who railed at him, and called him a son of Belial; but, if any one offered to avenge the insult, he replied in the words of David, 'Let him alone, for the Lord hath bidden him.' Thus had this disciple persevered in 'the narrow way,' even to old age; and, as he approached the end of his course, he was sometimes favored with bright glimpses of the glories of the land to which he was travelling. But on account of bodily infirmities, he wished for a brief interval

of repose, that he might approach, as with youth renewed and spiritual vigor, the period of heavenly renovation. Accordingly he determined to spend in our city the remaining days of his pilgrimage, and to lay down his pilgrim-cloak at his foster son's, with whom he took up his abode.

This was the man (we used to call him our patriarch Abraham) to whom Otho had received an introduction. Report had said, that he was one of the Herrnhutters,\* a community for whom Otho had never cherished any partiality, on account of a certain unmanly feebleness of character, and neglect of science, by which, as he supposed, they were marked. He called on this patriarch, therefore, with some distrust. The appearance of the steward, who opened the door, alternately attracted and repelled Otho. His spiritless and subdued manner seemed too plainly to betray the Herrnhutter, and excited a feeling bordering on contempt; while the divine repose which was spread over a countenance marked by sorrow, indicating a secret source of consolation to which Otho felt himself a stranger, almost changed his contempt into envy. With this person he was obliged to spend some time before the patriarch made his appearance. A

\* A name frequently given in Germany to the Moravian brethren.



military review was going on in the town, a topic which Otho gladly seized upon; but, in a few minutes, the steward gave the conversation a religious turn; he spoke of the unhappiness of men, their aversion from self-reflection, their eagerness to seek relief in outward activity, and yet in the midst of all this, a secret longing for something higher and better than this world can afford. Otho hastily broke off from so gloomy a theme, and talked of his late journey; but ere he was aware, the journey of life was the topic, and the immortality in which it is to end. He was not accustomed to any thing of this sort; he would willingly have persuaded himself that his companion had, by a constrained effort, forced these unwelcome subjects on his attention. But his tone and manner forbade the most distant suspicion of either hypocrisy or incivility. It was evident that his expressions were only the natural references of a soul raised above the world, and fixed on heaven. The more he studied the traits of his countenance, the more was he struck with a heavenly nobleness which claimed and commanded his respect. He was confounded to see a man of his own age, and in the middle rank of life, uniting the simplicity of a peasant, with the dignity of a sage.

When the arrival of the venerable old man himself was announced, Otho proceeded to his

chamber with a quickened pulse, for he expected that the train of thought and conversation would now be turned still more decidedly on future and divine things; a grievous circumstance for one who, up to that hour, had never raised his contemplations, except on some remarkable occasions, above this terrestrial scene. He found the patriarch in company with a young man in a chamber, remarkable only for the absence of ornament. The grey-headed old man, upwards of seventy, stood before him as a vision from a higher world. In his countenance were traces of hidden sorrow, yet relieved by the calm exultation of one who, after all his trials, found himself 'more than conqueror;' his eyes beamed with an unearthly fire, except when occasionally closed, as if the soul would shut out all outward things, and commune only with the world within. In his mode of address there was no affected softness, but a manly dignity suited to a great and powerful soul. The conversation turned only on things of common life, but tinged with a certain elevation and purity insensibly resulting from the heart of the speaker being set on infinitely higher objects. Otho particularly remarked the deep and affectionate interest excited in the old man, whensoever persons in affliction, of whatever kind, were mentioned: it was as if he had been a

special representative of heaven, sent to impart to all consolation and relief.

Otho was about to withdraw, when he was asked, whether he had provided himself with a lodging: on his replying in the negative, the old man with a humble mildness, as if requesting a favor, begged him to stay at his house, and partake of his simple fare. The man to whom the highest order of spiritual sentiments is wanting, has always the feeling of constraint in the presence of those who are spiritually his superiors, as if in them he saw the reflection of his own conscience, or rather saw and heard the Divine Judge himself. Thus Otho was so overpowered by the indefinable heavenly dignity of the patriarch, that he would, if possible, have declined the offer; but he had no excuse for so doing; (though man is prone to seek for such when the Spirit of God is striving with his heart,) and was obliged to stay. For three weeks he remained in this Emmaus, and during that time his great spiritual change occurred. In his case it came not in the earthquake, by which those hearts must be convulsed in which idols have long been set up; for his love of self and of the world were not so inveterate; his conversion came on gradually, with a sense of the dignity and tranquil greatness of a truly Christian life, which softened his previously in-

different heart more and more, into humility and love. He saw now, from the beginning of the day to its close, that the Sabbath which this revered disciple chose, was such as God himself celebrates, from whose blessed rest streams of love are ever flowing, and thus consummating the blissfulness of his repose. Destitute children obtained their education and board; the sick and infirm were placed in hospitals, or received medicine and nourishing food at their own dwellings; artisans in distress were furnished with means of support; poor students applied not in vain for aid in their pursuits; persons concerned about the salvation of their souls came for advice and consolation, and those who were already joyful believers, for establishment in the faith. Otho never saw the doors opened without being assured, that whoever came, however needy he might be, would have his wants, whether spiritual or temporal relieved. Nor did he who superintended these labors of love, and who had long learnt the divine art of 'not living to himself,' ever appear fatigued or ruffled: to each one with equal tenderness and warmth, his only word was love — love 'flowed like precious ointment even to the skirts of his garment.' Ps. cxxxiii. Otho called to mind the Scripture expression of being transformed into the image of Christ. He had hith-

erto considered this only as an oriental form of speech, which he interpreted as simply meaning to be virtuous like Christ. But, by means of the copy, he learnt to understand the original. The conduct of the disciple illustrated the character of the Master. He saw Christ living in the patriarch; and the view of this holy devoted life gave him a far more luminous and impressive commentary on the sacred records than any that books could furnish.

How did my soul take wing and soar at this narration of Otho's! It is true, I had daily held intercourse with the spirits of Augustine, Melancthon, Luther, Frank, and Spangenberg, by means of their writings; but to see such a disciple! Otho was equally willing to introduce me; and once again be assured, Julius, that what I have learnt from these 'living epistles of Christ' goes far beyond books and systems. I will only give you some account of my first and second visit, and of yesterday's, the most important of all. The first time I came there, several younger brethren were present, and seated in their midst, the hoary disciple appeared to me truly a patriarch. No earthly language can express my feelings, for they flowed from a higher source. A benign and holy influence seemed diffused over every mind. Whatever topics were touched upon, the sacred

or the common, all bore an impress of sanctity; for all appeared to be uttered as in the presence of 'Him who is invisible.' Seriousness was interchanged with childlike, innocent pleasantry, of which the old man was fond; but it was only like the lightly flitting cloud in the deep-blue, calm expanse. There was one of our number little disposed to serious thought, but even he could not for the time resist the holy captivation, and what he uttered seemed to have received a tincture of eternity. The conversation turned on those preachers who, however estimable they might be in other respects, gave little evidence of being genuine believers. Whatever the disciple knew that was praiseworthy in them he commended; on their faults he was silent; but complete worthlessness received from him a rebuke so severe and solemn, that, if the persons referred to had been standing before him, they must have shrunk from the searching, though compassionate glance of his eye. After some hours of conversation he invited us to a walk. The recent interview had deeply affected me. Unable to restrain my feelings, I exclaimed, "If such is the blessedness of Christian communion on earth, what will it be with HIM in heaven!" The disciple heard me, and seized my arm as if inclined to speak, but uttered not a word. Amidst this



sacred silence we entered the corn-fields, and met the last rays of the evening sun. My thoughts were: "O, thou holy patriarch, that I and each of my youthful companions, could thus securely advance, in company with thee, to meet the Sun of Eternity!" Once more I was constrained to speak, and said, "How blessed must that soul be which has reached such a state of maturity in the divine life as you, my father, have attained." His countenance assumed a deeper seriousness, and his eyes expressed a pensive dignity. "My dear young friend," said he, "do not deceive yourself by the first impulses of brotherly love, that you may not hereafter be bitterly undeceived. I have already remarked how deeply you have been impressed by this first interview with your brethren in Christ. You have expected to behold in a Christian assembly the spotless bride of the Lord, and believe that you have really seen her here to-day. Who, indeed, can deny, that where the Lord is, the holy influence of his Spirit is discernible. He has been amongst us, I doubt not, to-day; but remember that even the sanctified man is still man. For myself, if I give you my confession, the most I can say is, that I am a sinner, who looks for salvation through grace. If I 'follow after holiness,' it is chiefly shown by my daily imploring forgiveness,



beneath which my hard heart is softened, and my lofty spirit is laid low. Talk not, my very dear friend, of perfection: one only is perfect, He who claims our supreme love. As to what relates to your intercourse with our brethren in Christ, do not forget, that we must become holy men before we are holy angels. It is true that an anticipation of the heavenly sabbath is sometimes granted to us in brotherly communion. How can it be otherwise, when the blessing of the Lord has been expressly promised; but as in your own self, so you will find in each brother, still *the man*."

I confess to you, it made me sad when the ardor of my feelings was thus checked by the sound discretion and deep humility of the patriarch. Alas! (I sighed to myself,) how deeply then, must man have fallen, if a soul which has so long served the Lord, still feels so painfully the oppression of that which is from beneath! I longed to receive further instruction from his lips; and after relating to him my own history and yours, asked whether these and similar occurrences were not signs of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, of which the results would be most glorious. On hearing this he showed much emotion, and replied:—"Take what I now say, my much-loved friend, as the legacy of an old man who will soon leave this world.

He would gladly deposit what he has acquired from the experience of a long life and extensive intercourse with mankind in different countries and among various ranks of society, in the breast of many a young theologian, who will be called to stand up in the great crisis that is now approaching: the greater the crisis the more needful is it to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. I therefore address you as such an one who, perhaps, will be soon engaged at a university as one of the instruments employed by God in that important period. The work of God's Spirit is greater than either you or the majority can estimate. A great resurrection-morning has dawned. Hundreds of youths, on all sides, have been awakened by the Spirit of God. Everywhere true believers are coming into closer union. Science herself is the handmaid and friend of the Crucified. Civil governments, also, though in part still hostile to this great moral revolution, from a dread of its producing political commotions, are many of them favorable, and where they are not so, the conflicting energy of the light is so much the stronger. Many enlightened preachers already proclaim the gospel in its power; many who are still in obscurity will come forward. I see the dawn; the day itself I shall behold, not here, but from

a higher place. You will live to witness it below. Despise not the words of a grey-headed old man, who would give you, with true affection, a few hints relative to this great day. The more divine a power is, the more to be deprecated is its perversion. When those last times are spoken of in Scripture, in which the gospel shall be spread over the whole world, it is declared that the truth will not only have to contend with the proportionably more violent counterworking of the enemy, but also with a greater measure of delusion and error within the kingdom of light. Such is the course of things, that every truth has its shadow; and the greatest truth is attended by the greatest shadow. Above all things take care that the tempter do not introduce his craft into the congregation of the faithful. There will be those for whom the simple gospel will not suffice. When a man has experienced the forgiveness of his sins, and has for a little while enjoyed the happiness of that mercy, it not unfrequently appears to his evil and inconstant heart, too humiliating a condition to be constantly receiving grace for grace. He aims at something higher and more independent, but every step he takes in that direction is a step away from the Redeemer. There is no other radical cure for a proud, self-willed heart, than every day and

every hour to repeat that act by which we first come to Christ. There are degrees in the spiritual life; yet every one must daily set out from the same level as the lowest. Hence, whenever you meet with professed Christians who consider it beneath them to become every day as little, and to be as low as they were on the day of their conversion, continually recognizing the truth, that, if pardoned, they are pardoned by the righteousness of another, depend upon it, my friend, such persons are not yet truly acquainted with the corruption of our nature. Pray that you may have more of that childlike spirit, which will never allow you to look on the grace of your Lord as a little thing, but which, as you increase and advance by means of it, will enable you to find daily fresh proofs that it is indeed a perennial fountain of life. Especially avoid the error of those who would willingly become the children of God, in order to compete with the children of the world by means of their attainments. I mean those who seek *life* for the sake of *light*; who would make that religion which is designed to "hide pride from man," a mere stepping-stone to intellectual superiority. Such persons will never attain a vital apprehension of divine things; for our God is a jealous God, and will be loved by us for his own sake. The intellectual power, the

mental enlargement, arising from converse with the great objects of faith, is always to be regarded as a secondary and supplementary benefit to that which it is the immediate object of the gospel to bestow.

“ You will hear many complained of for narrow-mindedness and censoriousness. Do not pass your judgment upon them till you know what it is that is laid to their charge. If you find a circle where the tongue seems waiting for objects on which it may inflict a wound; where people seem more ready to notice what is deficient, than to praise the good that exists; where more pleasure is taken in detecting error than in imparting truth, in trampling the mock jewel with its setting in the mire, than in putting the diamond in its place; where words repeated by rote are made of more importance than the things of which they are the symbols; express your disapprobation, but be on your guard, lest you condemn the narrow-minded and censorious in a narrow-minded and censorious spirit. Among these defective but sincere Christians, you know not what hearts there may be dear to the Redeemer, which he will soon purify from their dross. Seek not to ingratiate yourself with the lukewarm, by expressing contempt for these mistaken brethren; rather be anxious to bring into notice those vir-

tues and excellencies which the Lord has bestowed on them, and be not shy of acknowledging them as your brethren. Pietism will be much cried down. It is so already. But do not inconsiderately attack what the world calls by that name, lest it should rejoice in having successfully played a trick upon you, while you yourself are by it included in the reproach, and, in its view, have been unwittingly attacking your own principles. Rather may you always be ready to avow, with childlike simplicity, that in the sense in which the world uses the term, you must accept it for yourself. For, my friend, when you hear narrow-mindedness and censoriousness spoken of, you will by far most frequently find, that it means only that feeling of godly simplicity which desires only one thing, and every thing only as it may be connected with that one. Since the world has not found its all in that one, it must appear narrow-minded to her, if the Christian in all things loves that only, and loves nothing but in and for Him.

As to the charge of censoriousness, the Christian must condemn what the word of God has condemned before him: his love is not an imbecile, undiscerning good-nature. He does not cry, 'Peace! Peace!' where there is no peace. But when he condemns, it is not he, but the

word of God that censures: far from delighting in this office, it would give him incomparably greater pleasure to bestow commendation. Wherefore, my dearly beloved, purify your heart by the grace of the Lord Jesus from all selfish aims, from all private ends, and let the 'eyes of your understanding be enlightened.' Then you will be free from that narrow-mindedness which will be condemned before the judgment-seat of Christ. You will not sullenly reject what the world offers you in the arts and sciences, or in the comforts of life, and whatever else there may be; but let it be purified by that Spirit which is a refiner's fire, and, when thus sanctified, use it. Thus you will not condemn where the Lord has not condemned, but be gratified wherever you can commend or bless. You will often enjoy calm satisfaction in your heart, when you repress a censure that it is not absolutely necessary to utter, out of love to Him who allows the greatest sinners to taste and participate his grace. Happy the Christian who constantly obeys the dictates of that spirit of wisdom which so often, in the intercourse of life, imposes silence, particularly where he must have uttered sentiments of disapprobation. On the other hand, never suffer yourself to be overpowered by the fear of man, in order to avoid the imputation of censoriousness, or to give way



to an easiness of temper, which has the semblance, and only the semblance, of Christian humility. But where the Spirit witnesses to your spirit, that you must speak in God's behalf, you will censure precisely and simply what the Scriptures have censured before you. Your heart will be pained to utter blame where you would rather praise; and you may feel deep regret and pity for him whose actions you are obliged to condemn;—nevertheless you will not call peace, where the Spirit declares war against the flesh.

“Despise not human greatness or talent, or ability of any kind, but beware lest you overvalue it. I see a time coming,—indeed it is already come,—in which gifted men will lift up their voice for the truth; but woe to the times in which admiration and applause of the speaker shall be substituted for laying to heart the truth which he delivers! Perhaps after a few decennaries, there will be no one in some parts of Germany who will not wish to be called a Christian! Learn to distinguish the spirits. Whoever welcomes Christian ideas ably exhibited, whether in the fine arts or in discourse; whoever can show that vital Christianity is the cement of states and the pillar of thrones; whoever, in the course of providence and of nature, points out the triune God and the redemption;

whosoever seeks out society adapted to establish him in the truth, and countenances pious publications — do not depreciate to any one what he says or does ; — but do not consider all *this* as a sufficient reason for embracing him as a brother in Christ. ‘The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.’ James, iii. 17. ‘They who are Christ’s have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts thereof.’ Gal. v. 24. ‘Let those who have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as those that weep not; and they that rejoice, as those that rejoiced not; and they that buy, as those that possessed not; and they that use the world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.’ 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. ‘If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.’ Luke, ix. 23. These are some of the marks by which you may distinguish between true and false disciples. Not that you can expect to see these words verified in their full extent. Ah, no! You will feel satisfaction if you see only a beginning made. And again, whenever you find these indubitable marks, scan not too curiously the pilgrim’s cloak of outward profession, which the Christian wears as he passes

through the world: this he will put off at the end of life, but humility and love will be his attire throughout eternity. You know that the exhortation of 'the disciple whom Jesus loved,' which he repeated to his latest breath, was, 'Little children, love one another.' Look upon it as the surest means of establishing divine love, when you can lead Christian brethren to reciprocal and confiding brotherly love. Communion in the 'love of the brethren' is at once the touchstone of personal Christianity, and the alkali which absorbs and neutralizes all the acrimonious humors of the church. It cannot exist without love to their common Lord; and besides this, it removes that fondness of the singular and the eccentric, which is so easily acquired. It is equally an enemy to all lukewarmness. Each member of the church has a different gift of grace; therefore each may learn from the rest, as all learn at the same time from Christ. Where Christians live in a state of seclusion, you will always find a certain oddness, with more or less of lukewarmness and indolence. But brotherly communion still allows each mind to have its different development, so that all meet in Christ: the soul of a Luther is not poured into the mould of a Zinzendorff; nor is the gentle and quiet soul of a Zinzendorff expected to manifest the intrepidity and ardor of a Luther, qualities

which have never been conferred upon it. Yet this acknowledged difference of natural abilities and constitutional temperament, is often employed as a false excuse (under the name of peculiarity or originality) for blemishes of character which are not superficial, but which spring from some root of bitterness in the heart. The sum of my exhortation is, 'HUMILITY AND LOVE!' When I shall no longer be here below, and you, my friend, will have your lot cast in better times, may these words of mine uttered in weakness, be remembered by you, and guide you."

In the meantime the shades of evening had deepened, and the red glow of the departing sun lingered on the edge of the horizon. We came to a church-yard. The disciple led us to one of the graves, and said, in this spot lies one of the most faithful servants of Christ, whose work on earth was only suffering. I knew him intimately, and learnt many lessons by his sick-bed. As he said this, he uncovered his head, and looked in silence towards the sunset. I know not if he prayed; but I was myself constrained to pray, as I looked at that venerable countenance, on which rested the peace and joy of the resurrection morning: my companions did the same.

A few days after this I expressed a wish to be present at his evening worship. We con-

versed a short time previously, on its advantages. The following is an outline of what he said:—  
“The outward church when employed as a nursery or seminary for the inner, is a holy and godlike institution. But if the gospel be not preached from the pulpits, and if the psalmody be not prompted by the Spirit of the Lord, it is impossible that those who are seeking for spiritual improvements can be satisfied. It is natural that pious souls in unison, should assemble together for prayer and singing, as congenial spirits of another class associate at the theatre or the ball-room. And even when the gospel is preached in the churches, the Christian not only enjoys that Sabbath, but consecrates every day to the Lord, and is therefore inclined to unite with others for the purposes of edification. The father of a family also finds it needful to impress on its members particular points of the Christian life. I allow it to be very possible, that along with the light, the shadow may enter; that more importance may be attached to these private meetings than to those in the church, whereas, the place is of no consequence; or, that they give rise to partial and harsh judgments on others, either during or after such meetings. In such cases secular employ or amusement would be a better way of spending the time. But, since the Lord has promised his blessing on two

or three, met together in his name; he will also, by means of his enlightened servants, prevent the abuses of social worship." Upon this we went to prayers. All the members of the family, and some of the neighbors were assembled in a small room. First a hymn was sung. Then the old man, with a dignified voice, read an awakening sermon from a Christian magazine, without making any remarks of his own; for he was used to say, "As long as we have the printed sermons of well qualified instructors, the people need hear none but these: a prayer from a broken and contrite heart often goes deeper." Another hymn was then sung, of which the last verses were —

- "Saviour ! see this little band,  
Join'd in heart, and join'd in hand,  
By thy sufferings on the tree,  
Pledge their souls, their all, to thee !  
Let our evening sacrifice  
Blest with thy acceptance rise !  
Now renew thy last bequest —  
Peace — *thy* peace in every breast !"

He concluded with a prayer. I could not have believed, Julius, that man could have so communed with God, as this aged disciple in his devotions. His language indicated no enthusiasm; for the deepest humility marked every word. His soul appeared to be lost in abase-

ment before the presence of the Most Holy. The last sentences of his prayer were: "The simplicity of faith looks only to that one Being in whom all besides exist. It hangs alone on the eternal Magnet. Oh, thou Magnet of all hearts and of all souls, give us that childlike simplicity, which shall make us look to thee, and depend on thee alone." The meeting then broke up. I gained more from this hour of prayer than often from an opportunity of public worship. There was the undoubting persuasion, that all who were present felt the presence of their Saviour. There was in each the feeling of a living member of the spiritual body, sensible of its vital connection with the other members, and with their common head. I do not say that this meeting rendered distasteful to me the recollection of larger assemblies met for public devotion; but there was that difference of feeling which it is impossible to avoid, between being in a large assembly, of which we are only bound in charity to *hope* the best, and being associated with a few with whom we *know* that we are one.

I have since attended several of these private meetings, and have always felt the presence of the Lord. Our venerable leader was not always the same in the tone of his feelings; sometimes joy, and sometimes grief preponderated in his



outward aspect, but the foundation of his heavenly serenity never appeared shaken. If he did not dwell in constant sunshine, yet, in the darkest night, there was the mild lustre of the moon. At first I was much concerned at these variations, and to find that even the cedars of Lebanon must bend under the tempest. But I soon perceived, that as the stars shine brightest in the depth of night, so does the Christian acquire fresh lustre from affliction. On remarking this to him, he replied, "It is so, my dear friend. Every grief is truly a heavenly ladder, reaching from this earth, where it is formed, to that heaven in whose blessedness it will terminate. This is true of griefs arising from temporal as well as spiritual concerns; for they both exercise the same principle — FAITH; they exercise our faith on this great point, that we are truly reconciled children, everlasting heirs of an unchangeable glory, which, notwithstanding all our transitory sufferings and sins, shall surely be ours. Only the suffering Christian fully knows that this faith 'is an anchor which enters into the place within the veil.' And when the mercy of the Lord enables his disciple to maintain his ground for many a year, amidst the storms of earth, and supports him when encompassed with the darkest clouds, he has a decision and firmness in all his actions unknown to a man of the world.

Let us then always bless him for the mists, not less than for the sunshine of life. Thanks be to his name, whether it be mist or sunshine; we are raised above all change!"

My yesterday's visit was very interesting, nor can I think of it without strong emotion. I found the patriarch and our friend Otho together. A peculiar solemn and sacred influence seemed to emanate from his whole being. "We dismiss to-day," (he began) "a long-imprisoned soul to the home which it has been earnestly awaiting. Our dear friend Anthony lies on the bed of death. If agreeable to you we will unite in bidding him the last farewell." Towards evening, accordingly, we went to witness the dismissal of our brother in Christ. On the way, I was informed that he had kept the faith through nine years of suffering. During the whole of that time an abscess had disabled him from pursuing any employment; for four years he had been confined to his bed. He was obliged during all that time, to look daily to an invisible hand for his support. In the meantime his wife fell ill, and by her death he was deprived of his only and most assiduous nurse. His pains were at times somewhat alleviated, but in general they were very great; yet to murmuring, through the whole period, he was a total stranger; for, in reference to his affliction,

his only prayer was, that his patience might not be less than his sufferings. On arriving at his cottage, we found a small company of the brethren, who wished to be present when his spirit should be released for its flight heavenward. At his head sat his only daughter:—it was evident that she had been weeping; yet she wept not now, but looked with silent serenity on her dying parent. He was lying peacefully on his bed, his face emaciated, and his hands folded on the coverlet. But as soon as he saw the patriarch, the fixed seriousness of his countenance was lighted up with a blissful smile, such as I have seen resting on those saints who have actually departed; he made an effort to raise himself, and said, “Soon, soon, I shall be better able to thank—” The patriarch prevented his saying more, with a kiss, to stop the expression of his thanks; then sat down by his side, and placing his hand on the sick man’s, inquired, “Hast thou more freedom to-day?” Anthony answered, “Pain of body has left me, but my soul is occupied in seriously reviewing all my errors and transgressions. I am now in the act of passing over into another world; and my nine years’ sufferings seem to be concentrated into a point. I have not—thanks be to HIM—murmured, during all this time, at the hardships of the way; but I have not sufficiently consid-

ered of what infinite value were the blessings, which, through this affliction, have been granted to my insensible heart. The moment of departure places this most vividly before me. I will now make the confession, that to this nine years' suffering I am indebted for being enabled to make the full surrender of my heart to God. On this sick-bed I have been compelled to learn what it means to renounce one's self-will, and make His will ours, 'whose ways are past finding out:' I have become freed from myself, from men, and from the world. From the *world*, for it has afforded me nought but sorrow; from *men*, for, till the time when I became acquainted with you, my brother in the Lord, I was obliged to look only to an invisible hand; from *myself*, for during my anxious hours of solitude and pain, I was assailed by so many temptations, I learnt to know so accurately the recesses of my corrupt heart, that nothing but a simple reliance on the atoning mercy of my Lord, has kept me from sinking in my sea of tribulation. But now I am come to the end." He sank back exhausted, and was silent for awhile. He then raised himself once more, and his countenance all the time brightening with joy, said, "I feel that the last moment draws nigh, when I shall depart from the dark chamber. I shall lay my pilgrim's cloak beneath me, and shall be clothed with

incorruption. Lord Jesus! oh that I could now, from this cottage, tell the world how happy is he who departs in thy name! For all I praise thee!" He ceased speaking; and we all sat around him in silence. His features gradually relaxed into a smile; his dim eyes once more brightened; and behind him sat his daughter, smiling with a heavenly pensiveness, as if she were his guardian angel, commissioned to lead him forth from his dark earthly tenement. He now desired that we would sing a death-bed hymn. We complied.

When we had finished, the aged disciple rose majestically, as an angel from before the throne, and bending over the dying, prayed in a low and gentle voice. We all joined mentally: indeed, our hearts, during the whole time, had been engaged in uninterrupted prayer. The sick man had now drawn his eyelids over those eyes that lately shone so brightly; we waited for the last moment. The fatal rattling came on—all again was still; he breathed again louder—once more was still, and then exclaimed, "I have overcome by the power of the Lamb!" The dimness of death covered his eyes. A deep solemn stillness pervaded all present; our tears flowed silently. So mysterious a feeling possessed our hearts, that it seemed as if the happy spirits who were to convey him

to his Lord, were moving invisibly amongst us; or, as if heaven's gate had opened and wafted to us the fragrance of immortality. We sat for a long time in silent communion. The night was far advanced when we left the cottage. Otho and I accompanied the patriarch home. He was filled with solemnity, and we felt as if walking with a glorified spirit, who had already received his crown. Overcome by indescribable emotions, as we quitted our revered friend, we exclaimed, "To whom shall we go but unto Jesus?—he has the words of eternal life!" "Amen," said the patriarch; "then, when we die, our departure also shall be blessed!" He laid his hands on our heads, looked up to heaven, embraced us, and retired.

Julius, he who believes in Christ, is risen indeed, and has 'passed from death unto life.'

Ever in him,

Your GUIDO.

THE END.

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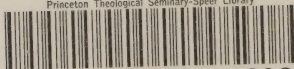
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